THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE LEGION OF DECENCY

THE PATIENCE of the Catholic bishops of the country was never more sorely tried, or more bountifully displayed, than in their relations with the motion picture industry of this country. For many years they refrained from bringing to bear upon the situation confronting them the direct power of organized pressure to effect a reform of the intolerable evil presented by the callous indifference of the masters of the industry to all the lesser means employed to bring about at least a lessening of the torrents of obscenity and pornography released from Hollywood. Now a direct challenge has been made public, and it is far more than any verbal "resolution"—however "ringing," or "vigorous"—for it is being expressed in a thoroughly well-organized fashion throughout the country. Hundreds of thousands of Catholics—soon there will be millions of them—are being enrolled in a "Legion of Decency," signing a pledge to "remain away from all motion pictures except those which do not offend decency and Christian morals." In diocese after diocese, from California to the Atlantic coast, from the North to the South, the Legion of Decency is being organized. Probably it will embrace, if necessary, every diocese in the land.

According to Bishop Gallagher of Detroit, in every parish of whose diocese the Legion was set up on Sunday, when a committee appointed by the bishops to negotiate, if possible, with the heads of the industry, approached those gentry, they were "met with a loud guffaw and realized that it was useless to appeal to those poisoners of the wells of morality, and that the only sensitive spot in their make-up was their pocketbooks." Constantly and assiduously, Catholic committees, and individuals, and societies, have labored to bring about some change for the better. They have accepted at their face value the many professions of a willingness to do better, made by the industry. They have collaborated in drawing up codes which were intended to improve the situation. They have given Mr. Will Hays all the time—and more than all the time—that any man required to make such an improvement, provided he had any real will to effect improvement; or, granting the good-will, any real power to do more than act as a dummy of respectability for the unscrupulous real masters

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of the Hollywood machine for the mass production of filth. Nothing ever came of all such efforts save more and more filth.

Therefore, last November, when the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which represents the hierarchy of the United States, met at Washington, the whole situation was studied, and the administrative committee bluntly stated:

"The pest hole that infects the entire country with its obscene and lascivious moving pictures must be cleansed and disinfected: the multitudinous agencies that are employed in disseminating pornographic literature must be suppressed."

If the Hollywood magnates—and their financiers—bothered to read such a statement at all, probably they only laughed at it; for they are used to moral fulminations. But when a group of Catholics in Chicago organized to put the moral principles involved into action, in the case of a single film, it made a difference of $125,000—on the wrong side of the film's ledger—in a single month. The Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S. J., national organizer of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, tells the story in the May issue of the *Queen's Work*. At the end of the first month, Father Lord relates, a man high up in the industry tried to appease the sodalists, "but they gave that picture such a beating that the industry has never forgotten." Presumably, this incident occurred before the bishops decided to take concerted action. What will happen now?

In Albany, the diocesan organ, the *Evangelist*, explains that the movement is not intended to hurt the local showmen, financially or otherwise. It is not a movement to obtain government censorship. The theatre owners and exhibitors are often the helpless victims of the big companies, compelled to book whatever the latter dictate. Before two thousand delegates attending a convention of the Motion Picture Owners of America in Los Angeles recently, the president of that organization, Ed Kuykendall, declared that it was in accord with the condemnation of the evils of the films voiced by the Catholic authorities, and added: "I cannot refrain from voicing the emphatic protest of our organization against the indecencies that are allowed to creep into pictures in increasing numbers lately. The Hollywood producers not only give us plenty of cheap, uninteresting pictures in the year, but they spoil most of the few good pictures they send us by injecting indecent scenes, vulgar wisecracks and spicy dialogues. . . . We insist that the producers give us entertainment that will appeal to the entire family."

As Bishop Toolen of Mobile says, in addressing the people of his diocese: "Pledge yourselves to stay away from evil movies, and not to read evil books, magazines and papers. If we hit the pocketbook of the producer, he will soon begin to give us pictures that we will all be glad to see." Hence, as all other means to influence the producer have most decidedly failed, the building up of a League of Decency numbering millions, pledged to stay away from evil films, is necessary.

"Certain it is," wrote Bishop Cantwell of Los Angeles in the February issue of the *Ecclesiastical Review*, "that some action of heroic proportions must be taken if we are to save the youth of America from a pollution and debauchery the like of which America has never known before."

The pledge of the Legion of Decency reads as follows:

"I wish to join the Legion of Decency, which condemns vile and unwholesome moving pictures. I unite with all who protest against them as a grave menace to youth, to home life, to country and to religion.

"I condemn absolutely those salacious motion pictures which, with other degrading agencies, are corrupting public morals and promoting a sex mania in our land.

"I shall do all that I can to arouse public opinion against the portrayal of vice as a normal condition of affairs, and against depicting criminals of any class as heroes and heroines, presenting their filthy philosophy of life as something acceptable to men and women.

"I unite with all who condemn the display of suggestive advertisements on billboards, at theatre entrances and the favorable notices given to immoral motion pictures.

"Considering these evils, I hereby promise to remain away from all motion pictures except those which do not offend decency and Christian morality. I promise further to secure as many members as possible for the Legion of Decency.

"I further promise never to buy or read indecent books or magazines."

WEEK BY WEEK

The Trend of Events

SOUNDING the waters of public opinion was a pronounced administration activity during the past week. The major policies have been formulated; the principal commands regulating the attack on the depression have been issued. It remains to see how things are working out, what the morale of the troops is, and what improvements can be effected in tactics. There was a disposition to see a rather marked veering away from monetary experiment—a belief that the "gold and prices" theory of Professor Warren had gone into the discard. NRA drew forth a goodly volume of comment, opinions pro and contra being sharply divided. Everybody was watching the reports of so-called "durable goods" industries, and inclined

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to think that the immediately urgent problem was one of pumping credit into these great sources of economic revival. Meanwhile, however, partly by reason of the pending stock exchange legislation, market quotations for commodities and securities fell noticeably, so that a little further oxygen in the form of a compromise silver measure was predicted. At the Capitol itself, the biggest issues were the President's demand for special tariff bargaining powers and the date of adjournment. With the temperature rising steadily, the outlook for a settlement of the second problem seemed decidedly more favorable. The nation moves into its second Roosevelt summer in much better shape, but with quandaries galore unanswered and with storm clouds rumbling on every side.

Darkness over the Pacific

THOSE who believe that the center of political gravity has shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific are giving considerable thought to the probable status of this country in what promises to be the making of a new world. No doubt, Asia twenty years hence will be entirely different from what it is today. The Russian communistic experiment may succeed or fail, but of Russian nationalism all observers draw the same picture. A generation which has learned, in an almost feverish way, to use and reckon with machines will, if necessity arise, defend the "interests" of the largest of all countries more efficiently than the czar's armies could, and will be not a jot less resolute on the battle-field. Japan has laid every card on the table. It plans to make a bid for power here and now, regardless of the attitude of the West and in conscious antipathy to Britain whose power in the East is believed to be on the wane. The position of the United States is therefore at least potentially a critical one. There are not wanting men who firmly believe that hostilities are inevitable, however slight the danger may seem just now. Much quiet and effective propaganda is being put forward by this group. On the other hand there are many who feel that readiness to defend with force a program of action in the Far East would be the ultimate form of folly. The debate thus begun is likely to prove of crucial importance in American history.

The New Social Pattern

WE COMMEND to our readers an article written for the March number of the *Johns Hopkins Alumni Magazine*. Its author, Professor Johannes Mattern, has crowded into this paper reflections based upon many years of arduous study of political problems; and though what he writes is intended for scholars, and so couched in learned language, the matter itself is of the greatest importance. The "classical" patterns of economic and political science are, he notes, no longer adequate. They assumed a beneficent "law of competition" which the trend of modern industrial activity has rendered obsolete. Corporate business, technology and kindred forces destroy the "freedom" upon which the older economist, jurist and statesman relied. On the other hand, the substitutes—Communism, Socialism, Fascism—are also unsatisfactory patterns. We must content ourselves with finding in them (as in old style capitalism) some elements which are useful and advantageous. From Communism and Socialism we may take "the concept or pattern of the right of the individual to earn his living by his own labor, i. e., the right of the individual to a proper share in labor and in the product of labor." From capitalism can be salvaged the pattern of police power, used now not merely to protect property but also to safeguard rights. From Fascism we might properly borrow certain ideas of the corporate function of the state.

PROFESSOR MATTERN thereupon suggests beginning with a "concept not new altogether, but new to American social intelligence." This he finds embodied in a bill recently introduced into Congress by Representative Lewis of Maryland, advocating that Congress declare "as a principle of social justice that the citizen possesses a right to work and is entitled to the protection of the laws in asserting his right to a just share of the employment available in the trade," it being "the duty of the trade concerned to provide him with a just share of the employment available for which he is competent; and in default to render just compensation in lieu thereof." This bill is, to some extent, imperfectly phrased. It should include the trade's "right to judge a man's good faith in rejecting the work offered." Asking why such a "simple pattern" could not be accepted, Dr. Mattern finds that "we are today going through the motion of applying some of the implications of this simple pattern, though only in a half-hearted, left-handed manner, in the Public Works and Civil Works Administrations." Nor is the expectation that industry will recover sufficiently to absorb those at present unemployed sufficient guarantee of future stability. Unemployment is at bottom "technological," in the broad sense of the term, and can be remedied only by modification of the profit-taking system.

Terse and Timely

EX-PRESIDENT HOOVER spoke with enjoyable sense and a touch of real chivalry when he recently administered a richly merited verbal spanking to a college freshman on behalf of President Roosevelt. This luckless but now lessoned youth, it appears, made a bet that he could secure an interview with the President. All other means failing of pulling

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it off and collaring the cash, he at last wrote to Mr. Hoover, detailing his plight and asking for suggestions. Mr. Hoover replied promptly, but not (as had evidently been hoped) in the vein of a defeated Republican glad to help in putting one over on his victorious Democratic foe. To the contrary. He told the youth that his motives were not patriotic, and that his intention of appearing before the President with an assumed "appearance of importance" when his real motive was to win a bet, was "setting up a fraud." He contrasted "the thoughtless manner in which you are hounding the President and public officials" with "the courtesy with which they have replied to you," and rounded out with this severe but wholesome admonition: "The sooner you realize that the problems, difficulties and physical strain upon these men do not warrant them taking time from service to the country to satisfy what you confess is merely curiosity on your part, the better evidence it will be that you have some growth in a sense of responsibility." The recipient of this letter may wish, at the moment, that he had simply been ignored, as correspondence pests usually are by important public men. But we are glad that Mr. Hoover took the trouble to answer him, and we imagine that he will finally be glad also. He got (and we get through him) an excellent little tabloid lecture on civic propriety and seriousness, and on the gravity of the presidential function, from a source that will lend it especial force.

Weather and Spots

WITH sudden extremes of temperature in the recent past, there has been a renewal of interest in the weather. The sharply cold spell, it was suggested by two or three students of such things, was caused by the earth's passage through a cloud of cosmic dust floating with relative idleness and inertia in space. This cloud, presumably, cut us off from a certain amount of solar radiation so that chill winds and cold rains resulted. The temperature of the first four months of this year was considerably below normal. One semi-scientist even grew so excited—like the ancient troglodytes who are alleged to have had panics occasionally at night when a rumor got around in the caves that the sun was never coming up again—that he predicted the beginning of a new ice age. Suddenly, however, the weather changed and days and nights were almost summer hot. To a mere idle observer this seemed in the nature of a rebound, a working out of the law of averages, or some law of elasticity of our atmosphere with respect to hot and cold. Other observers who had been keeping an eye on the sky, however, saw in the hot spell some connection with the appearance of a spot 16,000 miles wide on the sun's surface. This huge whirlpool in the incandescent hydrogen, helium and calcium vapors surrounding the sun, lasted for about ten days and the hot spell lasted about that time. When the spot disappeared our temperature moderated. The connection between sun spots and our weather is one of the latest fields of scientific investigation; as yet there is insufficient data for any reasonable presumptions. Sun spots, however, it has been established, do have a periodicity with a maximum frequency approximately every eleven years. Meanwhile, Jupiter has been having a spot, an ovular one estimated at 2,000 miles wide and 20,000 miles long, though this form changed and twisted. But this was dismissed as having any probable effect on the earth, because though Jupiter is ten times as large as the earth, it is 400,000,000 miles away (compared to the sun's 92,930,000 miles) and is one of the "deadest" of all planets.

The Build-up

WE HAVE spoken our share, along with other right-minded people, against the news agencies' practise of building up suspected or criminal figures who have "news interest" into popular heroes. This need not be done, of course, by making the overt claim that these people are heroic; it is usually done simply by writing of them continuously, loading papers and news reels with their pictures, and sharing with the public, to the last scrupulous crumb, the fruits of an exhaustive and sympathetic research into their family relations, personal tastes and private vagaries. The latest act of the Dillinger volunteer press agents, for instance, has been to show the nation a news reel wherein an old woman whose car the bandit stole from under her tells, with a voice shaken with emotion, that "he treated me nice and called me mother." The tabloids, meanwhile, are happily busy confecting the saga of Norma Millen. And now that Samuel Insull has been forcibly returned to these shores to answer charges of larceny, embezzlement and using the mails to defraud, the whole press, tabloid and non-tabloid, hums like a gigantic apiary. Insull's capture and return is, of course, a legitimate news story of the first importance. But it should be possible for a dignified press of high tradition to distinguish between a full news account and the acres of trivialities which are not news but which aim at establishing in the reader's mind exactly that sentimental quasi-familiarity that softens and vitiates public judgment. Though Insull's guilt may not be prejudged, he does come back as a suspected criminal. That is his news value. He is charged with the kind of manipulation which has been peculiarly one of our national disasters. And we are reading what our best newspapers must know is not news, but a flagrant build-up that may seriously confuse the function of popular judgment. It is not good reading.

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A PLANNED THEATRE

By WILLIAM J. O'NEILL

SEVERAL years ago, Mr. Richard Dana Skinner, the distinguished dramatic reviewer of THE COMMONWEAL, wrote a series of articles entitled "The Challenge of the Theatre." The point of these articles was the moral obligation of people of means to support a practicable theatre project, similar in general design to the Theatre Guild, but differing in that Mr. Skinner's projected theatre would have the test—if only negatively—of Christian standards. The theatre would not be a Catholic theatre, though predominently Catholic in executive personnel. Competent persons, either non-Catholic or Catholic, would be welcome to work in this theatre. Mr. Skinner ended his series with these words:

> The question resolves itself to this: Will the men who are capable of doing it, and who should do it, take up the task of providing at least one center of decent entertainment in New York City? Or will they continue to be laggards—too aloof to think of associating in any business way with the theatre, but ready enough, it seems, to swell the profits of the Broadway gamblers by paying exorbitant ticket prices for the present tainted fare? What answer will they give to the producer who says, "I'm giving the public what it wants. If you don't like it, why not try something yourself?" This is the real challenge of the modern theatre. Under these circumstances, I cannot request too urgently that anyone reading these words, and finding in them some grain of common sense, will write, in care of this magazine, to suggest what further action can be taken—promptly and with vigor!

Six years have passed since this thorough and business-like plan was outlined (June 6, 13 and 20, 1928). The depression and apathy both played a part in keeping the plan in old issues of THE COMMONWEAL, in spite of repeated references to it in Mr. Skinner's columns. Margaret Anglin reiterated practically the same idea over station WLWL in 1931, stressing especially the point that action must be positive to effect any improvement in the quality of plays. Yet no action was taken, nor even an attempt made at action.

Last June the plan was called to my attention, because, thoroughly fed up with the undisciplined gambling of Broadway, I was searching for a sane method of production. Reluctantly I dug out my old COMMONWEALS and read them. Within twenty-four hours, with the help of my auditor, I had a completely new set of figures to bring the plan up-to-date. Here at last was a theatre plan that was sane without being too conservative, of high standard without "artiness," and of such business acumen that once and for all the ridiculous gambling of Broadway was done away with! Then and there I saw that this idea must leave the field of theory sooner or later.

Unfortunately I was already committed to give a summer season of cow-barn drama, and so had to wait until the fall for any further work on the plan. Starting work on it again, I was impressed by it, not only as a solution for the deplorable condition of "show-business," but also as an opportunity for serious-minded people of the theatre to put idea and form into the formlessness now so long, if precariously, installed.

Therefore, six months ago, with crusading zeal at a new high, and finances at a new low, I started to push this idea to what should be its rightful place in the theatre. With the constant and sympathetic guidance of Mr. Skinner, the ground has been broken. Certain other gentlemen of integrity, foresight and hard-headed business acumen have volunteered to form a preliminary organization board. Much has been done, but much more must be done. We aim to open the theatre in the fall of 1935, the time until then being spent in financing the project, in securing plays for the first two seasons, and in gathering capable people for all departments of such a theatre.

Since plays are the *sine qua non* of any theatre, it might be well to mention here the type of plays we should give. Over a period of years, here are some of the plays we would have given: "Ah, Wilderness!" "Big Hearted Herbert," "Double Door," "Mary of Scotland," "Her Master's Voice," "Men in White," "Days without End," "Alison's House," "Both Your Houses," "Cradle Song," "Coquette," "Craig's Wife," "Elizabeth the Queen," "Hotel Universe," "Subway Express," "The Criminal Code," "The Ivory Door," "The Second Man," "The Show-Off," "Uncle Vanya," "What Every Woman Knows," "Many Waters," "Paris Bound," "Wild Birds" and "Holiday."

To this idea, the reactions range from apathy (95 percent) to fanaticism (½ percent). The sophisticated are satisfied with the present theatrical order, and reply that another theatre group is superfluous and would tend to be namby-pamby under a Catholic board. Others, who find their full satisfaction from the rasping talkies, are content and happy with the small cost and variety of the Hollywood product. The intelligentsia can see in this theatre idea an outlet for their pent-up repertoire. Here at last they will have an opportunity to puppetize their philosophizing. The last group, the propagandists, will see in the project a glorious means of putting the pulpit into art,

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of casting out the big bad wolf of the immoral theatre, and at the same time of giving the audience a sugar-coated moral cathartic.

To all I say that this theatre needs you, because you are in the main the audience. But we may sincerely and without malice disagree with you not because we are more intelligent, but because the theatre is our life and our experience. We do, however, realize that each of you is important to our welfare, and that by your aid only can we return you the benefits—for a theatre exists only because there is an audience.

It is true, as the sophisticates say, that we do not need any more theatre groups as they are at present organized. But the plan here proposed differs essentially from any of the present playmills and stands out uniquely as a theatre institution, founded on artistic and economic principles without being "arty" or commercial in the worst meanings of those terms. The unbusiness-like, not to say unethical, methods now condoned on that "group of side streets known as Broadway" can be depended on to bring most of these glamorous theatres to an end, if something is not done soon. For today, in spite of periodic worth-while adventures, the theatre as is has less to do with true artistry and more and more to do with avarice. Until the economic structure is radically changed, there will remain sporadic, diluted and for the most part unsatisfactory artistic development. This lament is heard not only from me, but from such outstanding theatre figures as Joseph Wood Krutch, Lee Simonson, Stark Young, Brock Pemberton, Arthur Hopkins and such organs of the theatre as *Theatre Arts Monthly* and the *Stage*. Obviously something must be done sanely—and that is what Mr. Skinner's plan proposes to do.

To the charge that we shall become namby-pamby or goody-goody, the answer rests partly in the plays listed above, and partly in the misunderstanding of what Christian or Catholic means. Since when have these two words become synonymous with Puritan? True, we have those anomalies, Catholic Puritans, but their cure and problem is of the Church. However, I said that this plan was to be only negatively Catholic, as scholastic philosophy is negatively Catholic. The latitude of the word Catholic has in the past been able to include both a Rabelais and a Saint Francis.

That many intelligent people are devoted to the talkies, I realize and comprehend. A good story, at a low price and with fair comfort, is always interesting and exciting. In the old days our plays gave this relief of fiction. More and more, the motion pictures have appropriated the function of story-telling because it is their strongest point. Character on the screen tends to become caricature, however. Character, to be effective, needs flesh and blood. Whatever we may say against type-casting on the stage, it has truth behind its sometimes blind action: actors, no matter how poor the play, are characters or they are nothing. Even the success of motion pictures is founded on outstanding stars who are identified as characters, irrespective of the pictures in which they play. In fact the majority is interested in the actor, not the picture story. The main point is that, given an opportunity to see stage productions of sound merit at a reasonable price, the movie-going public would flock back to the theatre, because, remember, the talkie is but a picture in motion, with coordinated sounds, and not persons in motion with real voices. The fascination of seeing a person in the flesh has been realized by the motion picture companies which have sent stars on personal appearance tours.

To the pulpiteers let it be conceded that the promulgation of any idea is, in a loose sense, propaganda. But an overdose of idea without humanizing emotion atrophies itself. Propaganda, whether from soap-box or pulpit, encounters only one objection from the stage: it is out of place. Like Yank in O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape," it "don't belong," and succeeds only in caging its own madness, without benefit of audience. The old principle of everything to its own end could save much harassment if once practised by the pulpiteers. Art and prudence are separate and distinct acts of the intellect, and totally unidentified.

To the coterie of intellectuals we can say but one thing—the history of the theatre is the history of a popular institution in which snobbishness and exclusiveness die by their own hands. In its appeal to all men it partakes of one of religion's fundamentals. Therefore, though we may give plays that you may find frothy and uninteresting, we shall include many that you can rave over and discuss *ad infinitum*.

Which brings us back to the fact that this plan for a theatre organization is being carried on now. No matter how much you may disagree with the reasons above, we need your support, if only in discussion. For every criticism is an aid to our perfection, and ultimately to your satisfaction.

The Splendor of the Pattern

Why those crossed threads do we question,
That He sends us in our grieving,
When He sees the seamless garment
Patient fingers are achieving?

Lovely Mary, Jesus' Mother,
Spun her beauty, ne'er conceiving
All the glory and the splendor
Of the pattern she was weaving!

What He gave not to His Mother,
Should He give to any other?

GEORGE JAMES ROHT.

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CHINESE DAMIEN

By JAMES E. WALSH

"DA MIHI animas: cetera tolle" is the classic motto of the apostle, but all apostles will testify that it was concentration on the negative part of the prescription that did the work. "Give me souls" any Christian will repeat, but "take away everything else" is seldom heard, just as the apostle is seldom seen. No man can be everything, and if he wants to be anything, the best way is to begin by not being the other things.

This seems to have been the recipe of China's Damien. He had brains enough to know that he did not have much brains, and virtue enough to see that he had little virtue. He not only knew his limitations, but he limited himself well inside them. He proceeded to forget everything but one. He gave up the world without taking it back, and lost all human interests in one absorbing devotion. He was a leper man, and he ceased being everything else in order to become one. He forgot his friends and he got on poorly with his clerical confrères, because they were interested in other things besides lepers, whereas he could talk, think, live nothing else. He forgot his Belgian manners so that the European ladies of the foreign concession found him very rough and gruff, but if he drank little of their tea, he made off with all their spare change to spend on his lepers. He forgot his rubrics, if one may judge from the strange circumstance that his confrères once found a setting hen safely ensconced on the main altar of his chapel, to his complete indifference. He forgot to eat and he forgot to sleep, doing both at odd times and in odd fashions. He was undeniably eccentric, as anybody who was not a leper was bound to find. He was not a saint; he was not even a model. But he was a first-class leper man. He lived for lepers, and lepers will yet live because men of his type have lived and died. He was called the Chinese Damien, and it is a title that he singularly earned.

In a little church in a little town in little Belgium the parish register listed him as Louis Lambert Conrardy. The pious little fellow knew Father Damien personally; had boyish dreams of imitating him. They came surprisingly true, but only after one of those long and devious life patterns that Divine Providence loves to weave. He began his priesthood with a curacy in a Belgian parish and a natural love for foreign missions. Going to India, he cast in his lot with the priests of the Paris Foreign Missions in Pondicherry. Lepers existed there. He was interested immediately, but not exclusively. There were all sorts of wretchedness and affliction around him, and he did not at once winnow them down to his predilection. Besides, the British government was giving adequate care to its lepers. The germ lodged, however, and when word came that Father Damien was wearing out at Molokai, it was more than personal friendship that took him to the side of his boyhood acquaintance. Father Damien died very shortly, and it was Louis Conrardy who gave him the last sacraments and closed his eyes.

What took him next to our own Indians in Oregon? Perhaps no opening offered to keep him at Molokai, where the American government was making the lepers as comfortable as possible; perhaps the spark had yet to smolder before it would flame and burn. Twelve long years among the Indians left him in possession of the English language and American citizenship. He rode the Oregon trails in restless zeal, but he never shook off the fatal barb of leper love.

Looking for a field where lepers were neglected, he found China. A trip to Canton revealed enormous possibilities and a total lack of means to deal with them. The bishop, then as now, was one of the world's poor men. Nearing sixty, the new Damien returned to America to begin a remote preparation for his leper work that consisted of two things: a medical degree for himself, and money for his lepers. He begged all over America and Europe, not omitting to solicit the Holy Father himself. Meanwhile he found time to study medicine at the University of Michigan where he eventually secured his M.D. degree. It was 1908 when, an old man of sixty-five, with a doctor's diploma and a fund in the neighborhood of $20,000, he finally returned to Canton to begin his life work. In San Francisco his pocket was picked of half the money he had collected. "Head winds at the start," he remarked, and sailed away.

In China to start anything without means is impossible; with means, difficult. Canton was full of lepers, and here was a man with the will, the training, and the means to help them. Did that mean a leper asylum? Eventually but not now. Three barriers remained to be hurdled: the government, the people, and the lepers themselves. Father Conrardy went to the core of his problem at once, and this is how he did it. He got up from the breakfast table at the cathedral, put a piece of bread and a hard-boiled egg in his pocket for lunch, and sallied into the alleys. Canton witnessed the novel sight of an old man going about searching out lepers, dressing their sores wherever he found them, distributing alms, stammering broken Chinese. Nobody knew what to make of it, including the lepers, who, like all wise children

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raised in the hard school of city streets, fear the Greeks bringing gifts. The East Gate was the designated headquarters of the Canton lepers, and this became his main rendezvous. He was ridiculed and repelled at first, but not bothered nor balked, and days of bending over their sores and nights of struggle with a Chinese dictionary gradually proved to the wretched sufferers that he was their man. When a year of this had won him a certain acceptance in the community as a friend of lepers, he bought with his American money an island in the East River, near the immense market town of Shek Lung. He built a little house on his island, and persuaded sixteen lepers out of the hundreds in Canton to go with him and live in it. The Shek Lung Leper Asylum precariously began its existence.

For six years he struggled along. A few more makeshift shacks went up: he gradually increased his community to sixty lepers. He was father, doctor, banker, friend, everything. He kept no servant, but did his own cooking and cleaning; which, to say the truth, was not much. He lived in the same house with the lepers. It was his fancy that he owed it to their feelings to be one of them. "Let's all be lepers together," he used to say. He had no fear whatever of the disease. "Courage, my old one, you will soon be as beautiful as an angel," he would whisper to some repulsive stump of humanity, as he knelt beside him to wash and dress his festering wounds. He did more. He did them the crowning favor of keeping them busy and consequently happy. He erected little workshops for carpentry, sewing, weaving, and making nets. He divided the land into lots for tillage. He planted fruit and vegetable gardens. Then he operated the whole on a cooperative scheme. The mild proprietorship thus enjoyed by the lepers added interest to dying life.

When Louis Conrardy died at seventy-three, after seven years of this labor of love, he had under his care seven hundred lepers from all over Kwangtung Province. It was the very last year of his life that brought final success. The government noted the seriousness of the effort at Shek Lung, approved, and offered to make it an official asylum. Shek Lung agreed to receive all the lepers committed by the Provincial Board of Health, while the government engaged to build the extra wards needed to house the increased numbers, and to supply a subsidy of $.05 a day toward the support of each individual. New buildings, simple but roomy, went up and filled up. The Immaculate Conception Sisters of Outremont, Canada, came to take care of the women, segregated in a separate compound. Shek Lung still had its troubles, but the corner was turned.

Was Louis Conrardy satisfied with his "Nunc dimittis?" Almost but not quite. Becoming a leper to gain the lepers, he was a type to exclude nothing, not even the disease itself. It was a disappointment to him to die of plebeian pneumonia in the relative comfort of the French Hospital at Hongkong. "Well, we can't have everything," he finally admitted. "Just bury me with my lepers; that's all I ask."

Father Conrardy did not solve China's leper problem, nor even that of Kwangtung Province, but by his stubborn and selfless dedication to it, he brought its solution very much nearer. The solution is simply more Conrardys and more Shek Lungs. Or rather, many more. Kwangtung Province, with its lepers estimated at fifteen thousand, is one of the world's great centers of the disease. Today there are several other asylums in the province conducted with similar devotion by Protestant missionaries, so that in all about two thousand lepers are being cared for. This leaves something like thirteen thousand to roam the byways as outcast beggars.

This great number is deplorable, when physicians estimate that with the chaulmoogra oil treatment the disease can be banished in a generation, not only from Kwangtung, but from the face of the earth. Leprosy is actually being cured to stay cured. A bit of devotion and a bit of money are the only things needed to realize a thrilling and age-old dream of all mankind. As for Kwangtung, a few more asylums here and there at strategic points, and the thing is done. With the cooperation of a government that is now sympathetic and interested, these could readily be made to exist along Maryknoll's two-hundred-mile seacoast, which is seething with lepers. Every mission has its Damiens, but not every mission has its Conrardys to drudge through medical schools and to beg through two continents.

Old Neighbors

There is no use in making old wounds bleed.
We both have had enough of suffering.
Your sympathy has come in time of need
And aching pain is past remembering.

Now, draw your chair up closer to the fire,
The rain that came last night brought bitter cold.
It takes so little now for me to tire,
Perhaps it is that I am growing old.

We were so foolish squandering the years.
Each hungered for the other, well I know.
And many times I was beset with fears
Lest you should fail to come before I go.

And I have watched beneath the window blinds—
To see you doing chores about your door.
There is so much of peace in humble minds,
I often wonder what we quarrel for.

SISTER MARY EULALIA.

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FRUIT PEOPLE

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

WINTERS come and springs follow. So also do the fruit people, sons and daughters of open trains and destinies who trail along with the inevitable caravan of seasons. Seasons merge and the years congeal, but the pickers come endlessly on, in motley and deft-fingered armies, followers of the infallible rainbow of better crops and pickings.

The strawberry pickers are the most numerous and diverse of the outfit, meagerly paid yet nevertheless solvent, productive agrarian workers. Strawberries, now a major crop in thirty-one states, draw to the fields a harvest army of near half a million, which is perhaps no more than 40 percent of the total of transient and part-time labor employed by the fruit trades.

Strawberries are a first crop, with a season long and verdant with springtime. By early April, or even late March, southernmost berries are showing first sour turnings of red, and the complete berry tramp may begin far south, and follow northward with showers and sunshine and spring winds, for a picking season of near two good months. The fields draw forth the most diverse of humanities: school children immersed in the first openings of vacations; housewives out to gain surcease of pot-scrubbing, and to earn an extra penny in doing it, country damsels, backbrush swains, jobless wanderers, shysters and pucks and children of rags and dust.

In its easy, rural way, the strawberry harvest lures a fascinating America. There is sheer joy in picking the crop, a joy of young grass, brave new leaves, and shadow-swept hills; a youthful, rhapsodic sort of crop, fresh with first sunlight. Picking them is rightly a springtime work, a first hardening for the months of sweat and dust and summer heat which fruit people must take along with the pay and play of their trade.

So the picking goes: six dry quarts to the tray, one tray one ticket; one ticket worth perhaps $.12 on payday, usually Wednesday or Saturday; and one who is nimble of fingers, strong of back and resolute of spirit can hope for a 75 percent quota of working weather. Even so, strawberry pickers are among the most meagerly paid of all fruit people. A good picker working in good berries may gather as many as 100 quarts in a twelve-hour day. Star pickers boast banner records of 200 quarts a day. My own has never been above 50, which assuredly didn't allow for a General Johnson work week. An average earning of $1 a day through the whole span of a harvest season is pretty good, as any experienced strawberry picker will agree.

But in the more or less golden West, the story is a different one. There fruit harvests mingle and interlap more continuously, and the fruit trades impose a higher premium upon skill. There an all-round fruit man or woman need have a thorough working knowledge of pears, apples, peaches, apricots, cantaloupes, oranges, olives, tomatoes and lettuce. He must also have dexterity, sound memory, iron nerves and dependable speed. Along with the Damon of speed must go the Pythias of accuracy, for a pack is no better than its worst member; a misplaced orange or a bruised cantaloupe will cost the integrity of its crate, and excuses do not excuse after the lid is once nailed.

In California, provided calendar leaves keep to their places, the fruit year begins with winter olives. Unromantic to relate, olives are a highly mechanized fruit crop. There are olive "factories," rambling, burroughing structures crowned with cement-built pickling vats, each vat holding about half a ton of the festive fruit. Complicated grading machines first sort the raw olives according to sizes, into at least a dozen grades of bigness and littleness. Six girls work at each grader, three at each spout; girls with keen eyes and deft fingers. They must sort out bruised olives and culls, which are transformed to oil or ground pickles, as discretion allows, and separate the green from the ripe, since each requires a separate pickling process and a separate brine. Ordinarily the olive crop matures slowly; its harvest stretching over eight or ten weeks, and allowing living wages to pickers and factory hands alike.

Olives finished, there is early lettuce to harvest. Lettuce is a youthful, fickle, nerve-trying sort of crop, with a harvest that is expensive and complicated. But if lettuce weather is good, so usually are lettuce wages, at least where the crop is of commercial importance and justifies expert packing. Lettuce weather is cool dry weather. When warm rains come, job and grower's profits vanish like dew under a summer sun. Half a day of wet earth and steamy sunlight after rain may put the best of lettuce crops "to the slime." Stricken with that dread fungus, a lettuce crop worth $700 an acre may vanish in the time of an amateur ping-pong game. Fresh green leaves fade into dull grey oblivion, and growers, harvesters, Governor Rolfe, Senator Huey Long and General Johnson are equally powerless to interrupt. When slime comes, the crop goes, and there is no point to mincing words or hopes.

Lettuce crews are likely to be deft and colorful. The trimmers are usually women and girls, who

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work two trimmers to the packer. With razor-sharp knives they clip off the roots and soiled layers of outside leaves, then pass the heads to the packer, who fills the cases layer by layer. Helping the packer, at least when time is scarce, is a "liner," a boy who spreads the crates with protections of soft paper and covers the topmost tier of lettuce heads. Then the lidder, a rat-tat artist with a thin-headed hammer, and the icer, who wields an ice-shaving trident, must be in close harmony. The icer spreads the cases over with shaven ice, when it is filled, and the lidder, true to title, nails the lid. Properly coordinated, a crew of twenty fast "greeners" can turn out as many as three carloads of crated lettuce in a twelve-hour day.

But lettuce seasons are short-lived and shifty, and even if weather gods be kind, the harvests rarely last more than two weeks, which means that lettuce is only a professional whetter-up for greater things—such as oranges, for example.

Oranges are a momentous crop in volume and harvest time, if not invariably from a standpoint of the pickers and growers. The trade of orange picking holds many a turning and grievance. Ripening is slow and irregular and much influenced by weather, and California and Florida weather—but I needn't go into that. Packing is a complex art, too. If a packer fills a crate just a wee bit too scantily, then the oranges "juggle and squash" en route to market. And if a single hapless orange bellies enough to become lid-bruised, the press man, who directs the packing and nails on the lids, will probably throw the box aside and discourse stentoriously upon the philosophy of eternal damnation; in which case the packer draws nothing for the packing. If the press man lets it ride, he is merely passing the buck to the toil-worn housewife and her grocery man.

After first oranges come cherries, which in the far West are harvested largely by Japanese, who may pick for wages too scant to allow fair subsistence to self-respecting American fruit people; and incidentally the great working majority of our fruit people are and should be self-respecting. In most other sections the cherry stays a minor fruit crop, furnishing short-term work for the few who choose to follow it.

Peach-thinning comes next; rough work and fairly profitable usually, but without extra remuneration for climbing trees, skinning shins, peach fuzz down the neck, or toppling ladders. Naturally, peach harvest and canning time dawn almost simultaneously, although in some cases direct marketing may take the first half of the crop and canning the last, as is becoming the proverbial case with tomatoes.

The adventurous strata of fruit people usually take the picking; the conservatives the canning. In theory at least, the canner's lot is the easier, for he is roofed in from wind and rain. But canning factories are likely to be noisy and blarish places wherein mere mortals must keep pace with strong and impersonal machines. Even so, there are times in a fruit follower's career when indoor jobs are welcome, just as there is unction from earned leisure and poetry of changing fields.

Peaches stay a passage-payer to better things—apples and prunes for example. Searchers after high adventures and topping wages usually go after the apples. Washington and Oregon, where altitudes are high, are professional heavens for pickers, who are usually a secretive lot. They tell you only that they are going, without bothering to say where. More easy-going followers are likely to choose the prune harvest, which is by tradition findable in protected and amiable valleys. Prunes give way naturally to hops, to pears, or to late summer or autumnal grapes, all of which thrive in many states with great spreads in the harvest dates.

Whatever may be the immediate goal, fruit stays a gambling industry, and fruit people, from the mightiest of growers to the meekest of pickers, must learn the sporting way to lose, as well as to gain. And they must keep versatile, for their trade requires a lucky bag of alternatives. If the oranges flop, there may still be lemons. If strawberries be rained out, cherries may hold. If frost wipes out the early blooming peaches, then perhaps the more conservative apples will survive.

If all fail in one locale, there still remain farther stretches of earth and fruits. Too, there are always open roads, sun and stars to guide by, and, if Providence is kind, perhaps a runable flivver with a couple of unpunctured tires. So fruit people may travel and gather life at its best-ripened hours. And the good earth raises her harvests, even though men fail, business crumble and cities stagnate. Which is fortunate and benevolent, for so long as there is God and growing earth, there is also hope in the heart of man.

A Farewell

Wherever thou art, my love will follow thee
Deep in thy breast;
And when thou art weary of the land, the sea,
Christ give thee rest!

Whenever to heaven thou dost lift thine eyes
Where in the west
The star of evening shadows Paradise,
Christ give thee rest!

When thou art weary, ready to take thy sleep,
Fulfilled and blest,
Into His hands thy heart I give to keep;
Christ give thee rest!

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE.

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ANTI-RELIGION IN RUSSIA

By J. AUFHAUSER

Of the various Soviet economic and industrial plans enough has been said. Comparatively little attention is paid, however, to the so-called "anti-religion plan" which was also to run over a period of five years and leave the country as nude of faith as oaks are of leaves in the winter time. Readers of THE COMMONWEAL *will recall Professor Aufhauser's previous articles concerning the Orient, to which he has devoted nearly a lifetime, and with the religious problems of which he is especially conversant.—The Editors.*

THE SOVIET government in its bitter demoniacal fight against religion has inaugurated an atheistic Five-Year Plan to eliminate in the realm all belief in God and all religious activities. They hope during this campaign, or by the beginning of May, 1937, to bring to an end all religious education and all worship of God throughout the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. All conception of God is to be torn out of the hearts of the people. The decree referring to this plan, passed by the People's Commissariat, bears the signature of Stalin and was forwarded to all regional committees. Although the decree was never made public, it is known to contain five chapters with one hundred and eighteen paragraphs.

In the first year of the campaign all still existing religious schools were to be closed, as it is of vital importance to the Soviet Union to plant the seed of anti-religion in the hearts of the young. A beginning to this end has already been made in the non-religious schools, where hatred of all things pertaining to God, religion and eternal salvation is taught. As, in the opinion of the Soviets, all religious beliefs and activities are hindering the cultivation and adoption of communistic activities and stand in the way of the teaching of the collective idea, class-consciousness and internationalism, anti-religious education is an important part of communistic education. The foundation for thus systematically bringing up a generation of anti-religious men and women is laid in the communistic kindergartens, and the training is continued in the middle-grade institutions of learning. Even the Academy of Science helps in the plan by teaching a science based on absolutely materialistic, mechanical principles.

The children alienated from religion shall in their turn influence their parents and induce them to discard all remaining icons, pictures of Our Lord and the saints, crucifixes and all other religious articles in their homes, and also see to it that their parents refrain from visiting churches and other Christian meeting places. Casual objections or resistance of the parents shall be ignored by the teachers, who are instructed to point out to the children and their parents alike how utterly useless and even harmful a religious education would prove to be in practical life. It also is pointed out how the minds of the children would thereby be confused as religion, being an opiate and narcotic, with its extreme anti-proletarian and counter-revolutionary class characteristics, is also the mainstay of capitalism.

The Soviet Union holds religion to be a class-ideology and the support of the private capitalistic *Weltanschauung* (view of the world), which in turn supports religion because of its soothing influence upon the deceived masses. It is the hope of the Soviet Union that with the collapse of the capitalistic economic system, through the Marxist socialistic reorganization and through industrialization and the collective idea, all religion will be exterminated. In its place there shall be put a new communistic creative world-conception of dialectic materialism. This conception of world-constitution should convince the workers in the cities and the tillers of the land that the machine and its cult exclusively through the work process and through the tractors and through agricultural science and not through help from Heaven will bring success. It is claimed that religion cannot, either in theory or in practise, stand the test of scientific research.

The followers of the Soviet system are duty bound while working in cities or in the country, in factories or in the fields, to spread the doctrine of their leaders and to help to convert others by the relating and exchange of individual experiences. All activities in the daily life of the Soviet man or woman, even work in the factories, should reflect the anti-religious spirit, and an atmosphere of complete hostility against religion should be produced. The servants of religious cults, as parasites and enemies of the proletariat, should be allowed only a meager ration of provisions. If the priests and other religious servants should not by May 1, 1935, cease their functions, expulsion from the Soviet Union would be their punishment.

It was the intention of the Soviet to close by May 1, 1934, all churches, chapels and other places of worship in the principal cities of the Union. The closing of the churches in smaller towns and villages was to be effected within a longer period of time and in a less abrupt manner.

The program of the second year concerns the uprooting of religious life and order in the privacy of the family. Friends of and sympathizers with religion are to be discharged from positions in all branches of the government. The printing and

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publishing of all articles used for worship in churches and elsewhere shall be forbidden. The mission of literature shall be the discussion of technical and economical problems only. Atheistic films are used to bring to the masses disbelief in all things religious. It is known that already 150 of those films are employed to do their demoniacal work in the schools. The government office for anti-religious propaganda supplies also anti-religious mass-literature. More than 100 periodicals with anti-religious tendency have made their appearance in all languages known and spoken in the diverse parts of the Soviet Union. Seven anti-religious institutions of learning with sixty professorial chairs help to spread the doctrine of a godless world-conception. The Soviet Union has closed all former theological schools and institutions and all religious propaganda is strictly forbidden. The priestly vocation has no recruits and is dying out to such an extent that in the Ukraine, as far back as April, 1930, 25 to 40 percent of the parishes were without priests.

The second part of this atheistic Five-Year Plan is devoted to the work of rendering solid results already obtained. Godless organizations shall be more severe in their activities, and materialism and spiritualism shall be supplanted by a religious nihilism. The transformation of former churches, synagogues and religious clubs into institutions for the advancement of a religious nihilism will be effected by the various town governments. Anti-religious expositions, the press, radio, the films, graphophone records, blasphemous masquerades and even the legitimate stage shall be pressed into service in this campaign of slander and the besmirching of all things religious. Especially shall signs and placards with blasphemous and distorting texts carry the message of anti-religion to the rank and file of the masses. This is the first time in the history of the human race that a general offensive against all that is religious and of God has been started, supported and protected by a strong political power.

The union of the godless already has overflown the boundaries of Russia. In Germany, in Great Britain, in Spain, in Mexico, in Japan this movement has gained millions of converts among the uprooted unemployed and the dissatisfied elements. Everywhere the godless are busy sowing their seed among the classes which are eager to accept this gospel of change in the existing order of things and of revolution. The total absence of a spiritual education has most endangered youth, and their immunization from the so-called materialistic and mechanical world-conception demands sincere attention.

Whoever is acquainted with the deep-rooted piety formerly manifested by the Christians of old Russia (even their excessive formalities such as the kissing of icons, prostration before religious pictures and before the crucifixes, and continuous blessing with the sign of the cross), understands that the Russian of today, by the reign of terror cowed in body and spirit, only in order to sustain life can be made to endure silently this persecution of his most intimate feelings.

In the Russia of today the Church is without rights and without protection. But there can be found a few churches and a small number of priests who at a great cost of self-sacrifice do their best to uphold religion and who on their journeys from village to village, in spite of all persecution, preach love, patience and hope.

Although a circular of the Communist party of March 15, 1930, forbids the abrupt closing of churches in the villages, and enlistments in the campaign for godlessness have somewhat slackened in consequence of this decree, yet only the tactics and the methods of the fight have changed. Anti-religious acts of terror are frequent.

But in spite of all this fighting against religion, there are visible signs in Russia that the people are expending new strength to secure spiritual rights. Intellectuals bound together in secret religious societies send their emissaries into factories and among other groups of workers to recruit new followers. A religious unit is engaged in bringing together all believers still existing in the Soviet Union for a concentrated battle of defense and repulsion, thus trying to resurrect religion once more out of its catacomb existence into the open light, and to attain liberty. Many workers refuse to work on church holidays, like Christmas and Easter Day. On their Christmas Day, 1931 (our January 6, 1932), 68 percent of all Christian workers employed in factories of the Moscow Rayons stayed at home. On the second day of the Christmas feast (our January 7) 43 percent of these workers did not report in the factories.

The enigma of Russia today and especially of its terrorist campaign for godlessness can be understood somewhat only when we consider the make-up of the Russian people. Here flow the instincts of the people of the steppes, the Mongolian hordes of the heart of Asia, ever more powerful and more violent, springing from an unrestrained primitive vigor combined with those western European social revolutionary theories arising from a rationalistic-materialistic outlook.

Clever Jewish demagogues are the leaders of these radicalized masses. These leaders know well how to use the systematically aroused anti-religious instincts of the masses. They put the whole governmental machinery at the disposal of this anti-religious propaganda. But the innate piety of the Russians, powerful before the war when the czaristic government supported the Church, is not destroyed.

The present time of persecution is a way of the cross to those Russians who, in spite of their phy-

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sical and moral bondage, have religious belief buried deep in their hearts and souls. The Russian people have proved themselves true martyrs. They bear their affliction with confidence in final victory and the hope that the light of religious liberty will soon shine again. Groups of them meet in secret and they nourish their religious faith with writings privately circularized.

That the anti-religious movement has spread and gained considerable ground in neighboring Japan is alarming. Under the leadership of two Socialists, Ujaku Akita and Tadahiko Kawauchi, a society of enemies of religion named Hanshukyo Kento Domei was started and has rapidly gained followers. Another Japanese association of the same character, Nihon Hanshukyo Domei, has as its leader Seido Takatsu, who has a strong backing of various groups of proletarians. Both of these societies have as their work and aim to oppose all religious organizations and sects. As the laws of Japan guarantee to all liberty of religion and conscience, the police can do nothing against these ruinous societies as long as they do not conflict with the laws dealing with peace and safety.

IN THAT LAND

By GRACE FALLOW NORTON

MIRANDA smiled and said:

It always begins with the feeling that I am in that land, a grassy promontory sloping to the sea on one side from high cliffs on the other, with barns and cottages nestling here and there under spreading trees. Across the neck of the cape there is a fence with a gate. I stand at the gate.

Indeed it is I, though quite transformed. I have grown. But instead of growing big I have grown little like a fairy. I have a short tunic of cobweb cloth on my tiny ivory-colored body. My hair is very dark, a pleasant change from not-very-anything, my eyes have turned from indifferent blue to deep violet. And I am at the gate to call the animals in for the night.

See, they are coming now from the back-country, a boundless region composed of emerald meadows, grey plateaux, mountains hooded with clouds, dark jungles, swamps and strips of golden desert. They are coming somewhat as they once came into the ark, in orderly fashion, giraffes, kangeroos, gorillas, wild-cats, foxes, ostriches and eagles, all trudging peacefully along like so many workmen back for supper after a hard day's toil. Indeed, I am possessed of the idea that they have indeed been working, that the beneficent will which calls them in sent them out in the morning each to a useful task, the will of the elfin creature who awaits them.

I throw open the wooden barrier. The elephant enters, looming above me yet obeying a fairy gesture to the right. The zebra follows gaily. The grey wolf, swinging along, stops to let me pat his head. He is going to have oatmeal for his supper. It seems perfectly natural that the jeweled serpent, gliding swiftly, should enter with the fair and innocent dove. The lion, his great tawny mane thrown back, his head high, under whose tread the ground might shake if he chose, comes softly. Perhaps he is thinking of his lamb waiting under the beech-tree. A porcupine shuffles by. I smile on him. In that land there is no more tenderness in my heart for the delicate gazelle than for the floundering muddy hippopotamus who gratefully obeys my indication of the bath-houses on the left. (He has been working in a ditch, poor dear.)

No matter how often I visit or how long I stay in that land I am always moved when I see the retainers of my little domain rushing about to welcome the incoming troop. Those domestics, dogs, cats and horses, sheep, pigs and cows, having lived with me for a long time stand ready to initiate their wild brothers into the new life. Some day when we are all civilized we shall set sail together for a fabulous port with a pearly gate. The ship, a carven caravel, swings at anchor in the bay. In the meantime, Griselda, my cat, is filling saucers with cream and Granger, my dog, is forking hay for the grateful hippopotamus. Ah, it is as I thought. The lamb awaits her lion.

I am still at the gate, saying good-evening to everyone, telling the shy newcomers which way to go. They overtop me but they obey me. There is no difficulty, no delay. They are all in now but one. They are all in but the wildest, the most beautiful. I seem to be waiting for him, for the tiger.

He approaches as though intending to enter and it seems that I mean to let him, though I am mysteriously aware that he has done no useful work and has as yet no notion of doing any. He glances within at my dogs and cats and my dappled pony Peter hurrying about with the supper trays. He sees the peaceful meadows, the homely cottages, the protecting trees, the tables set out beneath them, each with a white cloth. He sees the order I have wrought. He looks at me. Our eyes meet. I do not flinch. No other of all my menagerie has ever refused me. Tiny as a fay in my cobweb robe I rule them every one.

But you, Tiger, with your rippling sleek skin, your magic rhythmic movements, your breast of fire, your terrible claws—jerking back your head you throw off the invisible yoke. You lash your silken sides with your tail. You turn, suddenly, silently. With a bound you are lost in the gathering darkness leaving nothing of yourself save a wild scent on the air.

Shall we ever be reconciled? Is there room, is there place for you here? Will you come within or must I go to the jungle and trap you? Or shall the hunter shoot you down?

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ON YEATS

By PADRAIC COLUM

NO MODERN poet writing in English has developed so continuously as William Butler Yeats. Again and again he has discovered new material and new idiom: Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne did not do this. From the poems that recall the Irish countryside, such as "Down by the Sally Gardens" and "An Isle in the Water," he passed to poems which carry over to English the discoveries of the French symbolists—the poems in "The Wind amongst the Reeds"; he discovered a new material and a new idiom when he passed from such esoteric verse to the bare lyricism of later years when he came to say:

> I made my song a coat
> Covered with embroideries
> Out of old mythologies
> From heel to throat;
> But the fools caught it,
> Wore it in the world's eyes
> As though they'd wrought it.
> Song, let them take it,
> For there's more enterprise
> In going naked.

At each period of his development this poet has achieved memorable beauty: the beauty of the first part of "The Wanderings of Oisin" and of such poems as "The Lake Island of Innisfree" is different from "He Gives His Beloved Certain Rhymes," which are different from "The Folly of Being Comforted," and these again are different from the bare poems in "The Green Helmet," such as "Peace" and "A Woman Homer Sung," which again are different from poems of impassioned mentality in his recent work, such as those magnificent pieces, "I Saw a Staring Virgin Stand" and "Sailing to Byzantium."

Still this assembly of poems written during forty years have unity, the unity that an integral, developing mind gives them, a mind that has never departed from a fundamental conception. In one of his very latest poems he has written:

> Things out of perfection sail,
> And all their swelling canvas wear,
> Nor shall the self-begotten fail,
> Though fantastic men suppose
> Building yard and stormy shore,
> Winding-sheet and swaddling clothes.

And he had said in one of his very early poems:

> Who dreams that beauty passes like a dream?

He refuses to believe that mutation can be anything more than an illusion that man has made up "lock, stock, and barrel out of his bitter soul," and takes his stand with Berkeley (but would the philosophic bishop stand over the poet's interpretation of his denial of anything else except ideas in the mind of God and the perceiving spirit?).

> And God-appointed Berkeley that proved all things
> a dream,
> That this pragmatical, preposterous pig of a world,
> its farrows that so solid seem,
> Must vanish on the instant if the mind but change
> its theme.

His philosophy is of being and not of becoming, and unlike another great poet, Paul Valéry, he would delight in Zeno's paradoxes—that the arrow is every instant at rest and that Achilles can never catch up with the tortoise. But there remains the question that the poet must ask and that the philosopher can do no more than talk around.

> Why should the faithfulest heart most love
> The bitter sweetness of false faces?
> Why must the lasting love what passes?
> Why are the gods by men betrayed?

The men of faith could give him an answer, but that answer he is not willing to receive:

> Must we part, Von Hügel, though much alike, for we
> Accept the miracles of the saints and honor
> sanctity? . . .
>
> Homer is my example and his unchristened heart.
> The lion and the honeycomb, what has the Scripture
> said?
> So get you gone, Von Hügel, though with blessings
> on your head.

William Butler Yeats is a poet who got a second wind, and with his collected poems before us we can recognize the place at which he got this second wind. He was a poet of the 1890's, the very best of them, doubtless, and he passed days and nights with writers for whom all roads led to Paris. He might have gone on making variations on "The Wind amongst the Reeds," and we see now that this collection marked a dead-end. But he came back to Ireland and founded a theatre in Dublin.

That theatre went a great way toward forming the Irish literature—not the plays alone, but the poetry and the novels—of the last thirty years. It formed William Butler Yeats too. It gave him a new approach to poetry and it gave him a new idiom—the words of ordinary speech, the rhythm of ordinary speech; it gave him new companions, new interests. The collection that follows "The Wind amongst the Reeds," published when he was on the threshold of the theatre, "The Seven Woods," marks a turning point. The Yeats of "Wind amongst the Reeds" is here, albeit more

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mature, less dream-obsessed, but still there is not much difference between the poet of:

> The Powers whose name and shape no living creature knows
> Have pulled the Immortal Rose,
> And though the Seven Lights bowed in their dance and wept,
> The Polar Dragon slept;

and the poet of:

> Michael will unhook his trumpet
> From a bough overhead
> And blow a little noise
> When the supper has been spread.

But the one who begins,

> If any man drew near
> When I was young,
> I thought "He holds her dear,"
> And shook with hate and fear,

is making a fresh start. This poet of "The Green Helmet" and "Responsibilities" has learned in the theatre how to make poetry with direct speech and direct rhythm with everything fabulous left aside. A fresh poetic product begins here. He will always be direct in his rhythm and his speech but with this directness he will attain to a strange, clear music that goes with a vision of some actual scene:

> Suddenly I saw the cold and rook-delighting heaven;

or:

> The trees are in their autumn beauty,
> The woodland paths are dry.

His more recent poems are built up on an impassioned meditation, but their forms are more dramatic than meditative. "Sailing to Byzantium" is amongst these; it is, I am certain, the greatest short poem of our time.

What treasure there is in this volume! There is the tapestried beauty of "The Wanderings of Oisin," the statuesque beauty of "The Old Age of Queen Maeve" and "The Two Kings," and the thin, bright, flowing color of "Baile and Aillinn," to mention the narrative poems only. There is the range from the youthful mood when

> The shadowy hazel grove
> Where mouse-grey waters are flowing
> Threaten the head that I love,

to the profound compassion that comes with the realization that what threatens and triumphs at every moment is inevitable mortality. There is the range from the charm of the country girl who "brings in the dishes and lays them in a row" to the delight in an abstract art and a comprehensive philosophy that is to redeem man from mortality—"the monuments of unfading intellect."

These poems have their beginning in Arcady and the Ireland of local legends where children are stolen by fairies, and they end in Byzantium where all is ceremony and abstraction and where the poet can survey the whole of human achievement:

> At midnight on the Emperor's pavement flit
> Flames that no faggot feeds, nor steel has lit,
> Nor storm disturbs, flames begotten of flame,
> Where blood-begotten spirits come
> And all complexities of fury leave,
> Dying into a dance,
> An agony of trance,
> An agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve.

It is a return: the poet was always a Byzantine—strayed, like El Greco, into the western world. Or rather, let us say, that like the Edgar Allan Poe of Mallarmé's sonnet, these poems reveal the poet being molded to what is essentially himself—

> Tel qu'en lui-même enfin l' éternité le change!

Of interest in this collection are the revisions of the early poems which have recently been made. This poet has always been a revisionist, and we have often had to be grateful for the laborious artistry which has gone to make a finer crystallization in lines of certain of the earlier poems. Now that I compare altered lines with lines that I have remembered I am for applauding sometimes and sometimes for protesting. Of the shorter poems the one that has been most thoroughly revised is the "Dedication of a Book of Stories Selected from the Irish Novelists." The revision was made during the internal conflict of 1922-1923, and the bitterness that comes into certain of the verses is to the good—it gives the poem a new strength; it makes it more personal. Another short poem of the same period, "The Lamentation of the Old Pensioner," revised under the same influence, has so little relation to the early poem of the same title that I think the two should be printed in different sections of the volume. And I ask why should such lines as

> O beast of the wilderness, bird of the air
> Must I endure your amorous cries?

be intruded into an unearthly poem that has for its title, "He Thinks of His Past Greatness When a Part of the Constellations of Heaven"? The original lines were fitting:

> Though bird and rush cry their pitiful cries.

The version of "The Shadowy Waters" given here is a changeling; the beautiful original has been stolen by some wicked fairy, and this odd thing has been substituted.

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SEVEN DAYS' SURVEY

The Church.—World-wide mission contributions in 1933 were only about $360,000 less than in 1932. The Holy Father expressed himself as deeply moved that Catholics, in face of their sufferings, continue to make sacrifices that the Word of God may be given to those without it. * * * The *Catholic Worker* of New York celebrated its first anniversary May 1. This vigorous monthly periodical has raised its circulation from 2,500 copies last May Day to 35,000 this year. * * * The Swiss Christian Trade Unions recently passed a resolution to bring about by agreements the reorganization of their country's social order on a corporative basis in the spirit of Pope Pius XI's "Quadragesimo Anno." George Theunis, former Premier of Belgium, presided at the annual congress of Catholic employers held at Brussels; this Belgian association is also based on the papal encyclical. * * * Among the several flourishing Catholic periodicals in China the Catholic daily in Hongkong has a circulation of 30,000 and the Catholic daily of Tientsin a circulation of 15,000 copies. The Nazareth Printing Press of Hongkong, which is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this year, has a plant valued at $1,000,000. Operated by the Paris Foreign Mission Society, it prints in 26 different languages, and its charge for religious books is from one-fourth to one-third what missioners would have to pay elsewhere. * * * After five years exile in Siberia, Monsignor Anton Malecki, Catholic Bishop of Mogdilev, was recently released, thanks to the Polish government. When welcomed to Poland by the papal nuncio, Monsignor Malecki was raggedly clad in a Siberian peasant's garb; his toes protruded from both shoes. Physicians reported that the seventy-three-year-old Russian prelate was in dangerous condition from exposure and starvation. *Germania,* Berlin Catholic daily, recently reported that there are only thirty Catholic priests on active duty left in Russia. * * * The Right Reverend Monsignor John A. Ryan began on May 13 a series of broadcasts on the social question over the "Catholic Hour"; his topic was Leo XIII's "Rerum Novarum." May 20 he will speak on Pius XI's "Quadragesimo Anno," May 27 on "A New Social Order." These Sunday broadcasts over the network of the National Broadcasting System begin at five o'clock in the afternoon, Eastern Standard Time.

The Nation.—The nation's business continued to hold the center of the spotlight in the news, while the bank-robber and murderer, Dillinger, dropped from the headlines as he still eluded the pursuing law, and a blonde woman driving four machine-gunners in a blue sedan up to the door of a Brooklyn bank and departing quietly with $22,939 of stolen cash attracted only local notice. * * * The Fletcher-Rayburn bill for regulation of the business in stocks and bonds, passed the House with negligible changes by a vote of 280 to 84. At this writing indications were, on the basis of votes on amendments, that it would pass the Senate by a margin of approximately three to one. President Roosevelt has said that he considers it fulfils only minimum requirements for regulation of speculation, so his prompt signature of the measure is expected. * * * After hearing five witnesses, a federal grand jury exonerated former Secretary of the Treasury Mellon of evading his income-tax payment by reporting for the year 1931 only $6,758,707.12 income when, according to the United States Department of Justice, he should have reported $9,212,905. * * * Thirty-six national banks reopened in April freeing $31,893,000 in deposits, it was reported by the Controller of the Currency, J. F. T. O'Connor. This brought to 223 the number of national banks licensed during the first four months of 1934, releasing $198,551,000 of frozen deposits. * * * Railroad employment increased 10 percent in April, compared to a year ago. For the first time since last October, the number of employed passed the million mark. * * * The Treasury deficit for the first ten months of the 1934 fiscal year was only half of what the administration had estimated it would be. Receipts of the government were for this period, $2,487,983,087 compared with $1,635,950,941 last year. * * * At an average speed of 195 miles an hour, Lieutenant Ellwood R. Quesada brought the last mail to be flown by the army from coast to coast, in thirteen hours and fifty-three minutes elapsed time, a record for the army's three months of flying this route, and only forty-nine minutes short of the record made by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker on the last day before suspension of private operations. Lieutenant Quesada flew a converted bombing plane. * * * Without a dissenting vote, the national convention of the Y. W. C. A. voted in favor of birth-control legislation "which will provide that the dissemination of birth-control information shall be placed under authorized medical direction."

The Wide World.—Announcing that His Majesty's government had failed to reach an agreement with Japan concerning textile exports, Mr. Walter Runciman told the House of Commons that quota restrictions would be enforced throughout the dominions as soon as compatible with hitherto existing agreements. The move will affect in particular the sale of Japanese cotton goods and artificial silk, the export of which has reached enormous proportions during the past three years. Unless Tokyo makes concessions of a hitherto unrevealed variety, the world market will ring with the noises of as rousing a trade war as modern history records. Nor are all the good weapons in the possession of the British. * * * Nazi efforts to boom enthusiasm for Germany in the coming Saar Valley plebiscite were intensified during the past week when Dr. Goebbels, exponent of propaganda in every shape, addressed a pilgrimage of brown-shirts from the Valley. He said that the exiled Socialists were scoundrels, and that Catholics who beheld a menace in Hitlerism were merely

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a badly informed lot. * * * Professor James T. Shotwell published the outline of a project, sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, to make a complete study of the relations between Canada and the United States. There is universal agreement that the subject is of major importance and poorly understood. * * * England refused to play host to Ignatius Trebitch Lincoln, as gaily versatile an adventurer as can be found in real life or books. Mr. Lincoln has been a Hungarian Jew, a Presbyterian, an atheist, a successful spy for numerous powers that be, and professes at present to have become a Buddhist monk with a retinue of converts. * * * The International Institute of Agriculture predicts that the European wheat crop will be more than 2,000,000 bushels less this year than the harvest of 1933. This does not spell disaster, but the missing grain will have to come from some place, it may be Russia or India.

* * * *

Pulitzer Prizes.—Five days before Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University formally announced the winners of the various Pulitzer Prizes for the year, a controversy rose in the press over two choices that leaked out by way of Walter Winchell's Sunday radio broadcast. The winners of the awards are first selected by small juries of experts in the different fields, then submitted to a general advisory board, and finally passed upon by the trustees of Columbia University. As best American play of the year, the drama jury chose "Mary of Scotland," but the prize finally went to Sidney Kingsley for "Men in White." The novel jury submitted Helen C. White's "A Watch in the Night" (a Catholic Book Club Selection) and "Lamb in His Bosom" by Caroline Miller, and the second book received the award. The jury for histories split, the majority inclining to Mark Sullivan's "Over Here," while the advisory board and trustees settled upon "The People's Choice" by Herbert Agar. The best biography was a life of John Hay, written by Tyler Dennett. Robert Silliman Hillyer won the poetry prize with his "Collected Verse." The *Mail Tribune* of Medford, Oregon, with a circulation of only 4,441, received the medal for the best public service performed by a newspaper. The outstanding editorial was judged to be "Where Is Our Money?" by Edwin P. Chase, published in Atlantic, Iowa, in his own paper which has a circulation of 3,000. Frederick T. Birchall of the New York *Times* won the award for best foreign correspondence. The Holman-Thurmond lynching in California called forth Edmund Duffy's prize-winning cartoon in the Baltimore *Sun,* and Royce Brier's "best reporting" in the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

An Empire-builder Returns.—Landed by government agents amidst a flutter of reporters and photographers, Mr. Samuel Insull was the talk of New York. He posed amiably; he issued a statement to the press, declaring that the honesty of his character would be vindicated though the acuteness of his intellect had been found sadly wanting. After his appearance, his menus and his entourage had been carefully described for the benefit of the public, Mr. Insull was put aboard a fast train en route to Chicago, where he may have sat reading newspapers in which "letters to the editor" defended his motives as a king of utilities. But in Chicago, where live thousands whose fortunes were wiped out in the collapse of the Insull empire, the reception accorded was dour and stern. Federal Judge John P. Barnes demanded $200,000 bail—$50,000 more than was asked to free Al Capone from incarceration during that gentleman's difficulties with income-tax collectors. So much money was not available in the Windy City, and Mr. Insull was clapped into the county jail, where he occupied a bed in the infirmary ward. Seventy-four years is a long time during which to buffet the storms of fortune, and it was a weary, distressed and badly beaten old man who sought a night's rest in quarters which the federal government rents for $.88 a day.

Excitement in Arabia.—The Imam Yahya, who traces his descent to the Queen of Sheba, was in grave danger of doing without a throne as the warriors of Ibn Saud poured through mountain passes to invest the capital city of his kingdom of Yemen. Britain, France and Italy were "alarmed" as the well-equipped military of Ibn Saud created havoc in the port city of Hodeida with armored cars, planes and other minutiae of up-to-date warfare. For years this canny and efficient Arab, whose people profess the stern Wahabi creed, has been promoting the unification of Arabia—a project which is viewed in Europe with melancholy and a shaking of heads. Nobody knows just how good his army is, but few deny that it has been long since any comparable troops have appeared in the Near East. It is now asserted that Ibn Saud's son will "bow to the will of the people" and accept the throne of Yemen. These Arabs are a picturesque lot—Moslem to the core, with a code of justice that the western world might view with envy but little else one would care to exchange for "civilization." Of the Ibn Saud travelers say that he has an amazing capacity for lamb with rice, a deep intensity in minor items of electrical equipment and a great devotion to the traditional scholarship of Araby. In other words, here is somebody uncomfortably like Solomon the Great, living in the twentieth century. Probably he can do no great harm to diplomatic calculations of the grander sort, but he can be a veritable imp when it comes to sundry minor questions of convenience round about the Red Sea.

Republican Renovation.—Everett Sanders, national chairman of the Republican party, called a meeting for June 5 of the 106 members in the Republican national committee, a man and a woman representing every state and five dependencies, to accept his resignation and elect a new chairman. Mr. Sanders, who was President Coolidge's secretary (the position Louis McHenry Howe holds under President Roosevelt), obtained the chairmanship during the 1932 convention through the influence of Herbert Hoover. His resignation, coupled with a report published a few days later claiming that former President Hoover is not a candidate for renomination in 1936, was interpreted as a recognition by the former high

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command of the Republican party that they must have a new orientation in men and policy to weather the effects of the last election and the Democrats' New Deal. Before Mr. Sanders announced his resignation, committeemen from twenty-five states had signed a petition leading to a demand for his resignation. The immediate cause of defection was Mr. Sanders's opposition to a plan to raise $600,000 for use in this year's congressional campaigns. He said that the Republican congressmen should first make a mark in the ordinary debate at Washington. Members of the House claim that by the frontal attack of his propagandists against the New Deal, he was forcing them into an embarrassing position at home. Although the Republican press has been loudly calling for young and new men to take Mr. Sanders's place, the names of already prominent Republicans, such as Watson of Indiana and Edge of New Jersey, are the only ones so far definitely mentioned as possibilities.

In Old Vincennes.—On May 6, the centennial anniversary of the Diocese of Vincennes, Indiana, was celebrated and many incidents of Catholic contribution to civilization (in the real sense of civilization as an addition to the amenities and security of human life) in the pioneering days of our country were recalled. Under blue skies and a bright sun, before the portico of the Church of St. Louis of France, popularly known as the Old Cathedral, in the plaza dedicated to the memory of Father Pierre Gibault, at an open-air altar in the presense of some ten thousand persons, a pontifical high Mass was celebrated by the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States. The Most Reverend James H. Ryan, Bishop of Modra and rector of the Catholic University of Washington, preached the sermon and paid tribute to Simon Brute de Remur, the first Bishop of Vincennes. The see of the diocese, established by Pope Gregory XVI, and later changed by papal brief to the diocese of Indianapolis in 1898, was represented by the Most Reverend Joseph E. Ritter, Bishop of Indianapolis. The Most Reverend John A. Floersh, Bishop of Louisville, was present as the direct successor to Bishop Benedict Joseph Flaget, the first bishop west of the Alleghanies, who in 1808 was given spiritual jurisdiction over the vast Northwest Territory and the states of Kentucky and Tennessee. This territory included the present states of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Missouri, Ohio and about half of Arkansas. Last year the people on both sides of the Wabash River, celebrated the capture of Vincennes for the cause of the American Revolution in 1779 by George Rogers Clark, a feat which he accomplished through the persuasive powers of Father Gibault who was largely instrumental in winning the settlers of this whole section of the Middle West to the cause of the new nation.

The Ever-living Church.—Speaking at the banquet given by the Catholic laity of New York City to the Most Reverend Stephen J. Donahue, D. D., on the occasion of his consecration as Auxiliary Bishop of New York, Thomas F. Woodlock dwelt on the youth of the new bishop as an indication of the perennial youth of the Church and spoke of his consecration as Apostolic Succession in action in the oldest living thing in the world. "It is the one stable thing in a world of instability," he said, "the one permanent thing in a world of change, the one thing sure of itself in a world of doubt. It shows no sign of age but seems to possess all the energy and vitality of youth. It is everywhere on the earth and the same thing everywhere; it is in fact the only universal thing that there is. Everywhere it is at home; it speaks all languages. We find it in the world's centers of civilization and culture and in the remote recesses of savage tribes. It busies itself with all human activities. Yet it seems to defy all the laws upon which all other human institutions have wrecked themselves, laws which should, it seems, have wrecked it at its very birth, and countless times during its long career. It was, like all other human institutions, administered by men. Its history shows that there are few weaknesses and few crimes known to man which were not at one time or another committed by some of those who governed it, and this from the highest to the lowest office. Yet when the Church was suffering most from the misdeeds of those who governed her, great saints arose who were most unworldly, most ascetic when sensuality reigned around them and most courageous when others were cowardly." Today, Mr. Woodlock foresaw no intellectual attack on the Church, but increasing danger of material injury by absolutistic civil governments.

Girl Graduates.—A remarkable manifesto issued by the German government last week and explained by Dr. Friedrich Syrup, director of the Federal Institute for Unemployment Insurance, told of an ultra-Nazi plan for the support and education of 600,000 girl grammar-school graduates. Because of a jump in the birth rate within the Reich during 1920, the grammar schools are graduating this spring about 1,300,000 students instead of the previous average of 700,000. The manifesto asks: "Are young German girls, your daughters, to receive as their first impression in life the curse of unemployment?" The answer is embodied in the plan to arrange domestic service jobs for 600,000 young girls. They will be taken into homes, care being shown not to displace regularly employed servants, for a period of one year, as maids, cooks, and nursemaids, receiving no regular wages at all. Their employers will keep up their health insurance premiums, furnish food and shelter, and train them for domestic service. The employers will receive income-tax remissions for taking on extra hired help. After six months, if the arrangement is mutually satisfactory, a half-year contract will be signed, and after that the girl will be given a sort of diploma, and the institute will try to find her a regular job. "What activity could be more appropriate for the young German girl than that in connection with the house and children?"

Mary's Day.—May 12, the Saturday before Mother's Day, the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae celebrated the seventh annual Mary's Day in honor of their patroness, Mary Immaculate, Mother of Mankind.

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Just six years before, the Indiana, New York and Tennessee chapters of the federation had inaugurated the custom of paying this tribute to the Blessed Mother. Thirty-two chapters participated in 1929, and since then the movement has grown steadily. This year Mary's Day was observed in such far-flung places as Juneau, Alaska, the Philippines, the British Isles, Lisieux and Rome. Observance of Mary's Day consists in three things: the hearing of Mass and reception of Holy Communion, with the completion of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception as a chief intention; wearing visibly throughout the day the Miraculous Medal of Our Lady; contributing to some good work in Mary's name. On several occasions His Holiness Pope Pius XI has sent his blessing; on the eve of Mary's Day last year Mrs. Philip Brennan, president of the federation and founder of the movement, received the following cable: "Holy Father unites in prayer with International Federation of Catholic Alumnae on Mother's Day, and lovingly bestows his Apostolic Benediction." Signed, Cardinal Pacelli.

* * * *

Recent Armament Developments.—The British Foreign Office has just sent France a curt reply to her inquiry regarding the recent sale to Germany of eighty British airplane motors; England states that she has adhered unswervingly to the rules drawn up by the 1926 ambassadors' conference concerning the types of planes allowed for German aviation. Some of the Paris newspapers are accusing the British government of shielding Vickers and other British manufacturers who are assisting in the rearming of Germany. They claim that the motors which have been sold to Germany for commercial purposes could easily be converted for purposes of war. The French assert further that not a gun of French manufacture is sold outside of France without the permission of the government. No immediate protest to the United States is expected, although German purchases from American airplane factories for January and February was reported at $650,000, almost double the figure for all last year. French airplane exports to Germany for the first quarter of 1934 are said to amount to $37,500. It is believed that France intends to combat the rearming of Germany by all possible publicity and there is talk of a French proposal in the near future of an arms and airplane embargo. Since France and Great Britain are the two largest armament manufacturers in Europe, there is a belief that they are in a position to keep Germany from assembling a huge amount of war materials, and France is said to be urging a bilateral treaty to this effect upon Great Britain.

The World's I.O.U.—International debts generally were topics of spirited conversation as Attorney-General Cummings ruled that under the Johnson act Russia must be considered a defaulting nation and therefore barred from getting credits in the United States. Senator Hiram Johnson hmself went on record as construing "token payments," as made on war debts by Great Britain, next to nothing. The implications were serious, meaning very nearly that, just as the President was getting ready to negotiate trade pacts with other lands, credits were ruled out by law. It was rumored that Mr. Roosevelt had in mind something like an agreement abrogating interest charges on war debts and insisting only on the principal. Meanwhile the prelude to the Berlin debt parley was morose and gloomy. German gold has dwindled until the amount held by the Reichsbank was about 4 percent of circulating Germany currency. Dr. Schacht, fighting vigorously for "sound money" at home, indicated that he would resist any and all payments out of funds other than those earned by Germany through export trade. The sole official move made by Washington was to declare opposition to so-called "preferential payments" to nations with which Germany does a flourishing business. But, say most observers, there is no good in wool-gathering. Germany is on the verge of a gigantic default, and it will be many years before she is in a position either to meet obligations already contracted or to secure credits. For many moons it has been apparent that all-around international settlement of debts must be effected before there can be international trade recovery. "Economic nationalism" is merely a form of futile backing away from the point at issue.

Business Assembled.—During the annual meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce, held May 2 to May 4, the New Deal was praised and criticized by business leaders from all over the country, most of whom took its main form for granted and pointed out particulars for commendation or censure. Henry I. Harriman, president of the Chamber, voiced "conservative optimism." He said that the business activity index has risen in a year from 61.7 to 78.5; that unemployment has decreased from 13,000,000 to 7,000,000 (a figure twice as big as the A. F. of L. estimate); and that farm incomes have risen between $1,000,000,000 and $2,000,000,000. He believed the NRA should focus on basic industries. The power to coerce recalcitrant minorities he claimed is a necessity to the code plan. R. H. Montgomery, head of NRA research, said a cost accounting to establish "fair price" is impossible and that business should compete more in quality than price, which latter encourages bad merchandise. On the second day President Roosevelt sent his letter saying: "It is time to stop crying 'wolf' and to cooperate. . . ." Silas H. Strawn, former president of the Chamber, delivered the most vigorous attack on the New Deal of the meeting, seeing "discordant experiments which seem impossible of being assembled into a new governmental machine." On the last day resolutions were passed against the coercion of individuals in carrying out plans, in favor of apparently free formation of unions, supporting industrial and regional wage differentials, approving the cheapened dollar, against government invasion of and competition with private busness, and on many other subjects. Secretary Wallace gave the final address, calling for cooperation among farm, labor and industrial leaders, and insisting upon the need for curtailed farm production and increased industrial output in order to bring a proper economy.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Jig Saw

"JIG SAW" presents a real puzzle—not by the nature of the play itself, which is trite and obvious enough, but thanks to the unusual critical acclaim which greeted it. Perhaps it was the weariness of critics who have been surfeited during recent weeks with exceptionally poor dramatic fare. There is such a thing as a state of unutterable weariness which makes almost any play with reasonably good dialogue seem diverting. But even if we assume that the critics were reduced to this defenseless state of mind, it remains a real puzzle to explain their enthusiasm for a play that is little more than a stringing together of second-rate epigrams.

First of all, "Jig Saw" is a pent-house play. I have no special aversion for pent-houses and I can even imagine a thoroughly amusing play emerging from a pent-house atmosphere. But it would require an exceptionally able author to make the doings of an average pent-house colony appear worth while. The pent-house mentality, in itself, is a curious one. Its desire to remain in the city is matched only by its devotion to nature on a miniature scale. One always feels like saying, "If you really like green things so much, why not go to the country and stay there? But, for heaven's sake, don't admit that your appetite is satisfied by a potted shrub on a red tile roof."

In the second place, the characters selected by the author, Dawn Powell, are the quintessence of penthousery. How they manage to articulate at all after the quantities of gin and other liquors they consume is a real mystery. Then scorn the inconveniences of marriage, and the position of a wife is considered much less dignified than that of a mistress. They eke out their boredom by reclining, with or without bath-robes, n the high sunlight, or by playing contract in the hot shade of an awning. The particular gentleman who supplies the rent and the liquid refreshments for the occupant of the pent-house has the added distinction of coming from Philadelphia where there seems to be a wife in the background of his existence. The lady who receives the rent checks and the liquor supply is the mother of a young girl who returns from several years spent in a French convent. The reappearance of this child, who is sagacious beyond her years, is the signal for an outburst of maternal instinct on the part of the pent-house hostess. This maternal enthusiasm is somewhat complicated, however, by the appearance of a mannerly young writer, who seems, for the moment, to have more charms than the man from Philadelphia. Unfortunately for the mother's peace of mind, her daughter also finds the young man personable, and in spite of his obvious horror of the prospect of falling in love with a young girl, she manages to pull him from under her mother's nose. Just before the final curtain, however, a second young man appears upon the scene whose presence promises to console the mother's loss. All in all, the play seems to be a rather bad cocktail mixture with too many sweet syrups and a certain amount of overripe fruit.

The amazing thing is that this utterly sterile tale of worthless people has been selected by the Theatre Guild, and produced in the Guild's most effective manner with a wholly competent cast including three such excellent comedians as Ernest Truex, Spring Byington and Cora Witherspoon, not to mention Eliot Cabot as the languorous author who is drawn and quartered by the simultaneous devotion of mother and daughter. (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

Twentieth Century—On the Screen

JOHN BARRYMORE has a magnificent time romping through the part of Jaffe, the theatrical producer, in the screen version of "Twentieth Century." Carole Lombard takes the part of the great actress who is brought to fame through Jaffe's efforts. In the original play version of this railroad farce, we were allowed to see only the efforts of Jaffe to recapture his former star on the trip from Chicago to New York. The picture version enlarges the scope of the story considerably by showing us the earliest efforts of Jaffe to instill dramatic technique into the milliner's assistant whom he has rechristened, for stage purposes, Lily Garland.

It is still perfectly obvious that the whole story is intended as a travesty, with much author's license as to incident and detail, of the life of a certain famous producer, now dead. During the years in which this producer brought many unknown actresses to stardom, it was common gossip that he supplied every detail of their work on the stage, even going so far as to mark the stage with chalk lines and other artificial helps. The same John Barrymore who so keenly enjoyed, as Hamlet, giving instructions to the players' troupe, obviously has the best time of his life in acting the part of the impresario. Through a dozen skilful bits of overacting, he manages to convey all the artistry and all the charlatanism of the great producer. Needless to say, there is no attempt to produce a moral character out of the situation, and the relations between Jaffe and Lily Garland are in no way white-washed for screen consumption. After the opening episodes of Lily Garland's earlier career, the screen play follows the stage play very closely.

Poor Walt Disney

A FATALITY seems to pursue the creator of great characters. Charles Dickens is one of the few authors who, in the main, escaped the danger of writing sequels. Walt Disney had a double reason to be careful after the phenomenal success of his "Three Little Pigs," because he had open and frank warnings from his most ardent admirers that nothing could be more dangerous to him than the triumph of his three porkers. Yet, with all the blind faith that seems to shatter judgment, he has produced a new film called "The Big Bad Wolf" which attempts the impossible feat of combining "Little Red Riding-Hood," "The Wolf," and "Three Little Pigs." The film is not devoid of amusing scenes in the best Disney manner, but there is a total lack of the creative imagination which marked so much of his work. To paraphrase the old saw, "Pigs is pigs, and pigs they should remain."

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COMMUNICATIONS

SHALL WE BAN CHILD LABOR?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: And now we find Mr. Shuster, a man hitherto vigilant and devoid of venturousness, a man with interests varied enough not to be spoiled by specialization, joining the ranks of the rooters for the Child Labor Amendment. It is, indeed, surprising to find him following the visionary philosophy of the sociologists. However, I am not completely convinced of Mr. Shuster's conviction. Is he not fearful, perchance, lest any manifestation of conservatism be considered cowardly, while conformity to novel creeds were courageous?

The learned and ordinarily level-headed editor unfortunately refers to the encyclicals. He says: "There seems no way out of conceding to the government every whit of the power assigned to it in papal encyclicals." I do not think it is doing violence to the spirit of Mr. Shuster's exposition to say that he invokes the Popes in support of the amendment. I shall be called rash for saying that the amendment is as little in accord with the papal encyclicals as it is in consonance with the Constitution of the United States.

I quote from "Rerum Novarum": "Whenever the general interest of any particular class suffers, or is threatened with, evils which can in no other way be met, the public authority must step in to meet them."

Not a single protagonist of the principle of the amendment, in ten years' time, has made even a close approach to anything resembling proof that the evil of child labor in the states can be met in no other manner than by federal interference.

And again, from "Rerum Novarum": ". . . If health were endangered by excessive labor, or by work unsuited to sex or age—in these cases there can be no question that, within certain limits, it would be right to call in the help and authority of the law. The limits must be determined by the nature of the occasion which calls for the law's interference—the principle being this, that the law must not undertake more, nor go further than is required for the remedy of the evil or the removal of the danger."

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the words "limits" and "required." Let government stay within its limits. Our reforming sociologists and pedagogues would have government do not only what is required in the interest of good citizenship and the general welfare, not only abolish evils and insure justice, not only protect and stimulate and guide social activity, but also enforce mere benefits. There is no warrant in ethics or jurisprudence for government to impose a mere benefit by compulsory and prohibitory measures, by threats of fine and imprisonment. I contend that compulsory education beyond the age of sixteen (and this age limit is a concession), and the prohibition of labor beyond sixteen, excepting harmful or dangerous occupations and excepting emergencies, are at best mere benefits. There is such a thing as damnable individualism; but there is also such a thing as divinely ordained liberty. To protect the individual's God-given and perennial liberty against the arbitrary encroachment of ephemeral government is not to strike down the common good but to exalt it. Merely because the masses seem to be indifferent to the liberties they ought to cherish, government is not justified in herding them together by compulsion after compulsion and hemming them in by one prohibition after another.

I quote, from "Quadragesimo Anno," a passage that to my mind is pertinent to the question of centralization, What the Holy Father reaffirms as a principle of social philosophy is also a principle of the philosophy of democracy.

"It is indeed true, as history clearly proves, that owing to the change in social conditions, much that was formerly done by small bodies can nowadays be accomplished only by large corporations. None the less, just as it is wrong to withdraw from the individual and commit to the community at large what private enterprise and industry can accomplish, so too it is an injustice, a grave evil and a disturbance of right order for a larger and higher organization to arrogate to itself functions which can be performed efficiently by smaller and lower bodies. This is a fundamental principle of social philosophy, unshaken and unchangeable, and it retains its full truth today. Of its very nature the true aim of all social activity should be to help individual members of the social body, but never to destroy or absorb them."

I conclude that the encyclicals do not commend the amendment.

CHARLES N. LISCHKA.

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor: I have just finished reading Mr. Shuster's clever defense of the defunct Child Labor Amendment, and it left me cold. Time and space permitting, I think I could present the obvious fallacy of his argument in a way that would probably convince Mr. Shuster himself that he is on the wrong side of the fence.

In this brief communication, however, I wish merely to offer a few comments that ought to give every social-minded citizen pause. This miscalled "Child Labor Amendment," so innocent in appearance and yet so potentially drastic in scope, would surrender to the federal government, directly and constitutionally, the supervision of the "labor" of all "persons" in the United States under eighteen years of age, and thereupon the federal government would undertake the tremendous task of legislating it (said labor) into the discard. May I ask Mr. Shuster to show me a single federal enactment that is even decently enforced? (Shades of the Volstead Act!) Let me call his attention, for instance, to the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act and the Sherman Anti-Trust Laws, two very important pieces of federal legislation. Has the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act—high in purpose though it may be—even made an insignificant dent in narcotic addiction? All sophisticated sociologists know well that, in spite of the legal teeth in the Harrison Act, hamstringing reputable physicians and pharmacists, illicit traffic in "dope" marches merrily onward. Has the Sherman Anti-Trust Law ever been really and sincerely enforced? The method of its enforcement—or lack of enforcement—

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has had more to do with the economic mess we are now floundering in than anything I know.

As a matter of excellent fact—looking on "child labor" from another angle—many of my old and devoted friends, now managing to eke out the semblance of an existence in this "prosperous" country of ours, learned their trade or trades long before they were eighteen years old. As a matter of another excellent fact, my father, the son of very poor parents, "went to work" before he was fourteen years old, and, as the years went by, earned enough money to pay his way through a school of pharmacy and a medical school, and practised medicine until he was almost eighty years old, thus making it possible for me to get where I am today. Does Mr. Shuster want to prevent any such like occurrence in the future? Well, the vicious Child Labor Amendment will do just that.

SOCIOLOGUS.

The discussion of child labor has brought down a veritable deluge, pro and contra, and the first part leaves me damp but undrowned. I am grateful to Dr. Lischka for his several compliments, particularly since the dirty dig to which they lead up is so delightfully incompatible with them. If any of us were professors of "conformity to novel creeds" because we wanted to seem "courageous," it seems rather picayunish to single out a mild little thing like child labor—which dozens of utterly orthodox priests and bishops in a row of European countries have opposed—when there are such magnificent opportunities going to waste on every side. If the Doctor had the proper respect for my gifts, he would expect me to make a real splash by coming out for cosmopsychiatry or intelligence tests, to say the least.

At any rate, there was nothing in my paper to suggest that the Child Labor Amendment was endorsed by the papal encyclicals. I modestly refrained from saying more than that a certain Catholic clamor for state rights seemed without doctrinal foundation when the encyclicals assigned to the efficient polity power adequate to deal with social injustices now rampant. My contention was that the federal government is now the sole efficient polity in the United States, the commonwealths being messes of fraud, vapidity and sloth. When Dr. Lischka asserts that nobody has come within even a furlong of proving that the "evil of child labor in the states" demands "federal interference," he can fairly be accused of begging the whole question. How can anything that demands government be handled in an honest and business-like way without "federal interference"? I believe that our social philosophy must go a great deal farther than it has if the fundamental right to labor and subsistence is to be in a measure guaranteed. That Catholics of all people should bar the road by reason of fidelity to outworn political conventions seems to me calamitous and preposterous. But it is not strange. As an observer of European affairs, I can't help noting that the faithful have often got between the moral dictates of their Church and the sun, so that failure not infrequently rests squarely on them. My views on this whole problem are so accurately stated (of course, without the least connivance) by Dr. Johannes Mattern in an article written for the March *Johns Hopkins Alumni Magazine* that I refer Dr. Lischka to it.

To Sociologus I would merely say that such is the depravity of human nature that he might find it far more difficult to convert me than he imagines. I have, after all, an addiction to some "manifestations of conservatism."

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL AND THE STATE

Johnstown, Pa.

TO the Editor: Upon reading your editorial, "The Church School and the State," in the current issue of THE COMMONWEAL, I was seized with an irresistible urge to write to commend you most highly. I have labored in this field, as principal, for eleven years, and the greatest of my troubles have been financial. That condition naturally induced much thought along the lines of state aid. Only recently, when the depression was at its worst, necessity forced me to go more deeply into the question. By reading, with scissors in hand, and by some correspondence, I managed to collect quite some information on the question. Then routine work of the school began to pile up, and I was compelled to put the matter in the background. Secondly, some dabbling in the question brought to light a realization that one individual, or several, can do almost nothing. The question is so big that a nation-wide organization would be required to give it its proper attention, with the hope of getting results. And it seems that even some of the leaders in our own ranks are very much divided on the merits of the question. But my strong convictions agree completely with the point made in your recent utterance. Of very special appeal was your sentence: "But we do think that a great problem has now been brought into the forum of discussion, and we purpose to keep the argument going until at least a few more people see what it really involves." You surely will accomplish a lot if you will keep this ball rolling; and if there is any assistance I might be able to render to you at any time, I surely would be delighted with the opportunity.

REV. THOMAS CAWLEY.

WHAT PLAY SHALL I SEE?

Bronxville, N. Y.

TO the Editor: When I read the dramatic pages of the *Catholic World* I find very able write-ups of the plays and, according to Mrs. Wyatt, there seem to be a considerable number of New York plays which are fit to be seen. When I read the able remarks of Mr. Skinner on current plays in THE COMMONWEAL I get the same impression. There seems, according to the views of both these critics, a considerable amount of decent plays running in New York. Yet when I turn to the "White List" as printed in the *Catholic News,* there seem to be, at most, one or two plays which a Catholic should be allowed or be willing to see. Could one of your readers explain to me this curious discrepancy?

KATHERINE BURTON.

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BOOKS

Extra!

The Later Wordsworth, by Edith C. Batho. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00.

IF A FINER and more badly needed literary study has appeared during the past year than Miss Batho's reappraisal of Wordsworth, I have not seen the book. Few great poets have been so persistently and obstinately misunderstood; and yet none is better worth estimating correctly, if one believes in the validity of a literature derived from a Christian view of life. We are so accustomed to seeing a dryly academic, positivistic steam-roller rumble triumphantly over the opposition at Modern Language Association meetings and the like, that the stubborn and amusingly effective resistance offered by Miss Batho is almost shocking. Very probably this book will be heartily disliked and just as heartily ignored. If I had time, I should be seen at every street-corner, shouting "Extra! The Later Wordsworth!" It would be a little mad, but not a quarter as insane as most of what passes in learned America for criticism of the Romantic poets.

The first chapter goes over the evidence on which an impression of Wordsworth's personality after 1815 can be based. There is surprisingly much of it, and one reaches a conclusion which might, indeed, have been anticipated: that in an age of temperaments Wordsworth was the least temperamental of mortals, decently interested in his own work, judiciously generous to others and above all a servitor of ideas unidentifiable with any kind of log-rolling whatsoever. No doubt he was sometimes tenaciously individualistic, after the manner of Englishmen who prefer conservatism—in the personal sense—to experiment. Miss Batho presents a very honest, simple, solid peasant citizen whom it must have been very good to know. He seems to have achieved being wise without being dull and to have lived as he wanted to without looking like Mahatma Gandhi.

What were Wordsworth's political and social opinions? He had a good many of them, and some merited careful consideration—a quality rarely achieved by a Romantic poet's opinions on any practical subject whatsoever. The trouble is that writing about what Wordsworth thought, has been done chiefly by literary historians, whose training seldom includes any hard work in religion, philosophy or political history. As a result, he is described in almost all textbooks as a man who abandoned the cause of liberty and joined the heartless Tories. Miss Batho succeeds in proving that all this is buncombe. Her chapter is a lucid and well-read evocation of the sources, but it is not much more than that. It would be exceedingly worth someone's while to go over this material and evaluate Wordsworth as a political thinker by the light of what has occurred since his death. He was first of all a nationalist, but one who did not believe in violence or crusades. The abstract doctrines of his time repelled him, and he appealed instead to a philosophic realism to which few of his contemporaries were attuned. While his nationalism led him to some one-sided conclusions—e. g., his repudiation of all political

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Next Week

ARE DOGMAS IMPORTANT?, by Walter LeBeau, develops the theme that for the first four centuries of the Church, dogmas were considered of greater importance than moralizing. "It is manifest," he writes, "that the faithful of that time were content only with a thorough understanding of their new state. They wanted to know just what it meant to be Christians, and it was only after they had acquired this knowledge that they began to determine their way of living, which they were able to do, generally, of their own accord." Today, the writer discovers a rather general indifference to dogma with a consequent deterioration in Christian life. . . . THE INDIAN, by W. F. Wainwright, will deal with some vital information on the lot of our country's first settlers. . . . LYNCHING AND LUNCHING, by John T. Gillard, reports that the attitude of young people in the United States is much more liberal, or Christian, with regard to the relations of the white and colored races. The Communists, he finds, are not the only ones who have embraced the cause of doing away with discriminations against Negroes. . . . THE THRUSH, by L. A. G. Strong, is a vivid and humanly most interesting sketch by one of our finest modern prose-stylists. It is also a point in the case against cats as destroyers of birds, unless the cats are kept so fat they cannot move with agility.

concessions to Ireland—it also allowed him to see, where England itself was concerned, things which have become generally apparent only during the past few years.

The best chapter in the book is that on Wordsworth's religion. How consistently Anglican he was, even in his weaker moments! To distinguish between panentheism and pantheism has long ago been recognized as the only way in which to approach Wordsworthian poetry; but since the average professor of English literature cannot distinguish either from a barn-door, it is likely to be a long time before reading the Immortality Ode becomes tolerably correct. Now of course there is much to be said against Wordsworth's position. He overstated the case from nature, very likely because his annoyance with the Paleyites led him to excessive admiration for a mystical apprehension. Thus the famous "vernal wood" lines, which so annoyed that stout positivist Professor Babbitt, are really only a somewhat hyperbolical appeal to Plato's teaching concerning ideas and reflections. Nor was Wordsworth always dogmatically orthodox, leaping as he sometimes did from anticlerical premises to anti-theological conclusions. Still he is the most Christian of the English major poets, with the possible exception of Spenser. Curious enough is the almost forgotten fact which Miss Batho has unearthed—Wordsworth's discovery of Saint Francis. He was, she reminds us, probably the first modern man to sense the whole appeal of Assisi—a service which, together with very much more, entitles him also to the homage of those whom he somewhat inimicably assigned to the "Church of Rome."

In a final summary Miss Batho considers the problem of Wordsworth's failure to write more after 1815. After showing that this decline of productivity was not due to a change of either mind or heart, she argues that Wordsworth's impaired eyesight did not permit him to do more. What she writes on this subject sounds plausible, and ought at least to liberate us from some of the ridiculous allusions to Annette Vallon and psychoanalysis lately in vogue. I am inclined to think, however, that he was merely finding life too interesting—life which spared him not but even saddled him with afflictions, but still life which suggested speculation beyond words, laughter or tears. Certainly he was a very remarkable man, and we now have a remarkably satisfying book about him.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

New Social Patterns

The New Deal in Europe, by Emil Lengyel. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $2.00.

MR. LENGYEL has written a good journalistic survey of what Europe is doing for the reconstruction of society. Addressed to the great *Literary Digest* reading public, his book is essentially a newspaperman's simple and superficial account of visible events; or perhaps it might better be classified among the many "primer" books that have appeared in recent years. But that is not to say that this bird's-eye view of the Old World struggling to become a New World is without value to the man who reflects thoughtfully upon the significance of con-

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temporary movements and ideas. It does show with an admirable clarity the universal anarchy of the "old deal" and the common denominator of the various plans for establishing a new order.

Discipline and regimentation of all departments of life, but especially in the economic realm, are the marks of Europe's "New Deal." Everywhere the state, the supreme political power, is enlarging its activity and widening the reach of its authority. There is a striking historical parallel between this age and that of the early modern despots who grappled with the social and economic anarchy in which the old medieval order dissolved. Everywhere liberty is being sacrificed for security; everywhere forces of order and authority are trampling the prostrate body of liberalism. Russia, Italy and Germany, with their several varieties of "totalitarianism," of course, receive chief attention in Mr. Lengyel's book, and he is of the opinion that, "While the aims and methods of Europe's New Deals are different, they have many points in common. The Fascism of Germany and Italy seems to be radically different from the Bolshevism of Russia, but the difference is sometimes more apparent than real, and one does not always know where Fascism ends and Bolshevism begins. . . . Before the full significance of Fascism and Bolshevism may be appraised, a few more decades will have to pass by. Yet this prediction may be safely made: both of them are providing a machinery for a process of leveling down." Moreover, they both "express an inarticulate craving for a world in which man's acquisitive instincts are curbed."

Although nowhere in this book does Mr. Lengyel point out clearly the distinction between the two, he does help to make evident the fact that it is liberalism rather than democracy which has been forced into eclipse by the various New Deals. It is very important to make this distinction, for today one hears on all sides about the defeat and failure of democracy. Ramsay MacDonald once said of democracy that it is not a form but a kind of government; and this kind of government has undoubtedly become steadily weaker in striving to work through the old mechanism of political liberalism. But what President Roosevelt, in his inaugural address, called "the essentials of democracy" may very well be undergoing a renewal of life in the various schemes of social reconstruction which are being worked out in the world today.

Ross J. S. Hoffman.

Problems of Hispania

Whither Latin America? An Introduction to Its Economic and Social Problems, by Frank Tannenbaum. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.00.

THIS book differs from the general run of books on Latin America written by North Americans and the difference is on the whole in its favor. In the first place it is based on knowledge rather than on "impressions"; in the second place it aims not at establishing a thesis but at stimulating further investigation. Incidentally Dr. Tannenbaum does not always succeed in concealing his

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own views, but even when they do contrive to emerge there is always something to be said for them and the reader does not feel that he is being told what to think. On the contrary, whole pages consist of little more than a succession of questions, the reader being invited to work out the answers for himself. The book is also a mine of data on the problems, economic and social, of Latin America, which students may profitably work for decades to come.

On one point, however, he is clear and in that not all readers will agree with him. He believes that because they lack coal and iron the Latin-American countries will never be properly prepared for war. But what of Japan? Moreover, the navies of Brazil and Argentina are of considerable military value, not to speak of the navy of Chile which until recently was the third largest in the Pacific Ocean. The conclusion is wider than the premises and is also inconsistent with demonstrable facts.

He is on safer ground when he suggests that modern industrial civilization is not suited to Latin America and that her development lies in other fields. This point cannot be stressed too much, and the sooner it is grasped the sooner will Latin America be relieved of many of the evils now afflicting her. At the same time it does not mean that Latin America is barred from material progress in the broader sense. If it meant that, then those countries would simply have no future at all, since material prosperity forms part of the basis of cultural achievement. Artistic and scientific advance depends largely on wealth; only when wealth is sought for its own sake does it become the enemy of culture. But mines and factories are not the sole source of wealth. It is quite possible to attain a high level of national refinement without blackening the sky with factory smoke and reducing the majority of the population to a state wherein they can enjoy no share in that very culture which they are instrumental in producing. And now that even North America is beginning to learn this, maybe Latin America will learn it too.

EDWIN RYAN.

The Family

Bredon and Sons, by Neil Bell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

WRITING a good chronicle novel is getting to be something more than a day's work since there are so many with which to compare the latest effort. But Neil Bell in "Bredon and Sons" is equal to it. He comes from Suffolk and writes convincingly of his home country.

The story opens in November, 1844, on the day of a devastating tide. The Bredons have lived in Senwich for generations and are known all along the coast as master boat builders. That night their old shop is washed away and George Bredon, head of the family, is killed. His son, James, rebuilds the shop in the same precarious position and becomes a master boat builder. When he in turn is killed attempting a rescue during a terrific storm at Senwich, his sons, Arthur and Richard, inherit the business. Antipathy always exists between the brothers. Arthur is staid, sober and dependable; Richard is the

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inevitable "tainted" one. Business has steadily decreased until there is no longer enough left to keep two families going. Both families take in boarders; and Hetty, Arthur's beautiful and seductive wife, is a great success as a business woman, while Alice, Richard's gentle and long-suffering helpmate, finds herself unable to cope with the situation. Richard is forced out of the business. Several years later another flood carries away the shop once more and that same night Arthur dies. His sons decide not to rebuild, and so ends Bredon and Sons. One of Arthur's sons discovers the virtues of rubber and establishes Bremac Ltd., while a son of Richard founds the prosperous business of Bredon Seaplanes.

And then there is David Bredon, in whom the two strains meet. He is gay, sincere, an adoring husband and fond father, but at the same time bitter, suspicious and unreasonably jealous. While his success and fame as a novelist grow, he tortures himself with jealous imaginings which finally shatter his wife's life.

Mr. Bell, in describing the trend of affairs in the Bredon family, paints in miniature the march of events in the human race, and demonstrates the futility of materialism. His earlier generations have vigor and courage. They have faith in God and in themselves. Gradually they become softer, their spiritual life deteriorates and in the end they are frustrated. In theme and interpretation "Bredon and Sons" resembles Thomas Mann's "The Buddenbrooks." It is a stimulating book.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

Optimistic Humility

Boscobel, and Other Rimes, by James J. Daly, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $1.50.

THE TUNEFUL title and modest subtitle of this book are worth noting by the reader. For here is a book that is compact with authentic delight. Only a person suffering from deliberate and confirmed morbidity could fail to find in it fillips to his appreciations, his appreciations of the small, endearing things of nature and human nature, of God's providence and the heavenly orders; as well as of the majestic and vast circumstances of our mortal and eternal drama. "Boscobel" is a charming, delicate lyric that touches a particularly responsive chord in one who too lived in Prairie du Chien, where his mother had been born in one of the homes on shaded lawns, and who knew the townsfolk who lived calmly and gently along the ways arched with ancient elms.

There is much rich humanism and naturalism and spirituality in the book in simple and effective prosody, sometimes recalling Father Tabb, or James Whitcomb Riley, or Thomas A. Daly, yet always flavorous with its own particular qualities. Finally there is "The Grand Review," a magnificent and well-sustained conception of the communion of saints passing before the Throne of God, with intimations of the good fights they fought, a poem written for the Centenary of the Missouri Province of Jesuits and therefore catching them in the forefront of the picture at the moment of "Eyes right!"

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

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Briefer Mention

Great Britain and the German Trade Rivalry, by Ross J. S. Hoffman. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.50.

PROFESSOR HOFFMAN'S dissertation embodies a great deal of careful study of first-hand sources concerning Britain's attitude toward rising German capitalism between 1875 and 1914. He endeavors to show that after 1880 English commercial groups became increasingly conscious of the "menace" exerted by a thrifty, energetic and skilful army of Teutonic traveling salesmen. Feeling, once aroused, inevitably influenced British policy. "The British government," he concludes, "may stand acquitted of making war for the ends of trade, but that the anti-German orientation of the British mind and British world policy sprang chiefly from the great economic competition seems incontrovertibly proved." The book seems an important digest of fundamental material on a topic bearing directly on the great question of the origins of the World War.

Pierre de Ronsard: Sonnets pour Helene; translated by Humbert Wolfe. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

RONSARD, like all poets of his time, was sure that a Petrarchan sonnet sequence was the thing to write. But, again like so many poets of his time, he could fashion exquisite verse—verse which the French for some weird reason practically forgot, and which is certain to charm any modern Anglo-Saxon with its picturesque quaintness and its delicacy. Mr. Wolfe's versions face the originals throughout this volume. It is a test not every translator would voluntarily endure. They seem admirable. Printed by themselves, they might tempt one less, perhaps; and it is to readers familiar with both languages that the volume will appeal. The Englishing is not slavish. Mr. Wolfe ambles about freely, contenting himself with getting Ronsard into fourteen lines but bothering little about the extensiveness of an accurate paraphrase. Such color, one says finally, and so many glorious lines! There is a first-rate critical introduction.

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